THE BYSTANDER
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JANUARY 21, 1931
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WHO ARE OUR MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN?—*See pages 116-117*

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, January 21, 1931

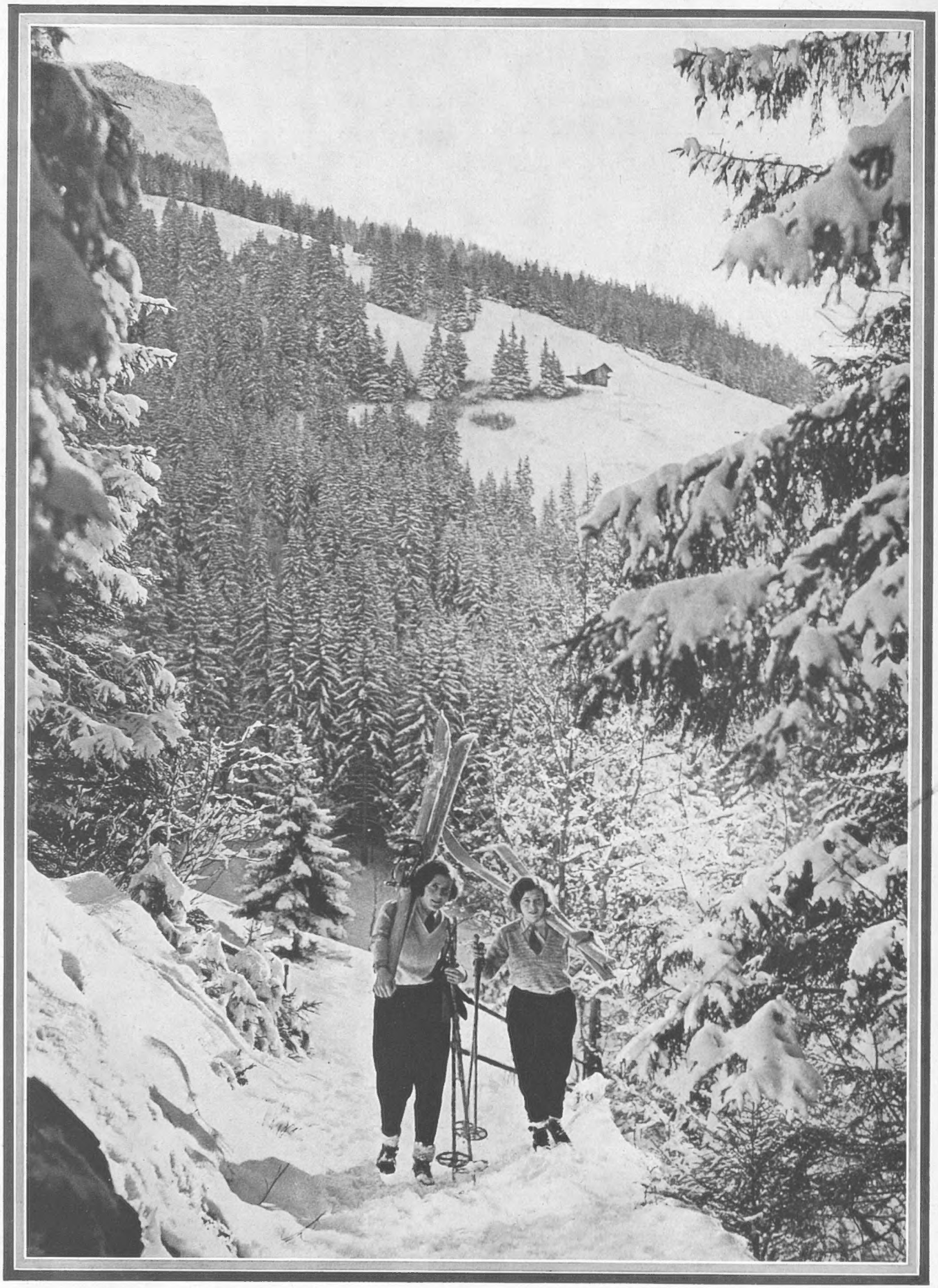
the BYSTANDER

No. 1414 Vol. CIX.

Lenare

MRS. GLADWYN JEBB

Whose husband is in the Diplomatic Service, with her little son, Miles Alvery Gladwyn, who was recently christened at the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great. The godparents are Lord Balniel, the Hon. Harold Nicholson, Mr. Samuel Courtauld, Mrs. Wansborough and Mrs. Alexander Fachiri



Fox Photo

Two visitors to Wengen, a place of beauty as well as of sport, making their way to the "Bumps," the famous ski-ing ground so popular with English visitors. At some of the most famous winter sports resorts visitors are complaining of the bumptious airs of superiority which some among the expert ski-running fraternity give themselves. There is a snobbery in Sport which nothing else can rival

the passing hour

AT THE UNITED HUNTS' BALL

A scene in the ballroom at the Savoy at midnight, showing child dancers taking part in the "Tally Ho" Cabaret. The music recalled past days, and the polka seemed the favourite dance. Nearly 600 followers of hounds from Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, the Craven country and the Peak District of Derbyshire were present

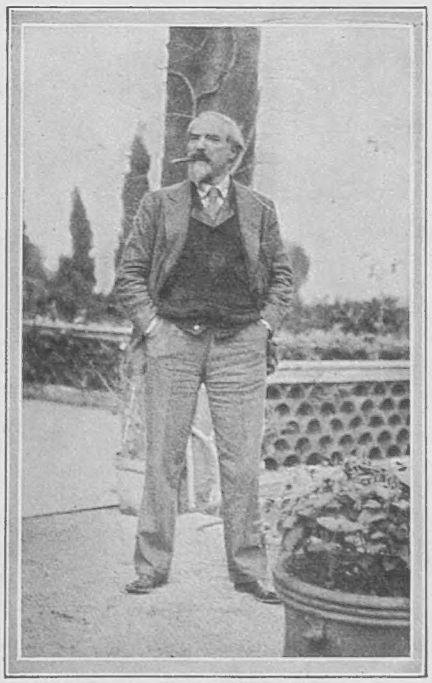
LADY ANNE EGERTON *Lenare*

The eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, whose engagement has been announced to the well-known polo player, Capt. Geoffrey Babington, of the Lancers. Her father, who is a member of the Jockey Club, lives mostly at his Newmarket residence, Stetchworth Park

THE absence of the Prince of Wales and Prince George automatically robs supper-time in Mayfair of some of its spice. There are at least half a dozen different restaurants and clubs in which there is quite a chance that one of the Royal brothers may make an appearance if he is in London. The Duke of Gloucester, on the other hand, rarely goes out to public places, though the Duke and Duchess of York occasionally do so, when domestic duties are not too onerous.

I HAVE never seen Princess Mary in an hotel. And now I hear that her husband, Lord Harewood, may, after all, become Governor-General of Canada in succession to Lord Willingdon. The Duke of Athlone was offered the post, I am told, but he refused for two reasons—first of all because he wanted to have a year or two in England after his long sojourn in South Africa, and, secondly, because he would like to be Viceroy of India after Lord Willingdon, who does not intend to remain very long out there.

WILL the cocktail bars of to-day be the sherry bars of to-morrow? The increasing popularity of the latter apéritif is giving restaurateurs seriously to think, and I am told that one of London's newest and most luxurious hotels (when it opens in the spring) is to have a bar exclusively devoted to the serving of sherry. They are planning to import one of the most handsome Andalusians they can find to act as barman, and there may even be a special "bar band"—which will be a complete novelty as far as London is concerned. Since no novelty is allowed to remain a novelty for very



EN VACANCE

Mr. Augustus John, R.A., enjoying the sunshine of the Riviera. He is seen in the grounds of the lovely villa which Sir James Dunn has at Cap Ferrat

THE RIVIERA'S CRAZE FOR MINIATURE GOLF

long, this is an innovation that looks like being widely copied.

S

THE question of who has the best chef in London is an oft disputed one. But I think the answer to the conundrum is undoubtedly the Baroness Palmstierna, the wife of the Swedish Minister. The chef is, of course, a Swede, and the Swedes are the best cooks in Europe, the French not excepted; and Baroness Palmstierna is always being asked by her friends whether she can recommend Swedish cooks for them. It will be recalled that the late Mrs. Loeffler's amazing chef is also a Swede.

S

As to hotel chefs, the man at the Piccadilly Hotel takes a lot of beating, both for excellence and enterprise. When Harry Preston gave his "Recovery Lunch," as it might be termed, the guests, who included that epicure, Mr. J. H. Thomas, were given salmon and asparagus. Mr. Thomas, I hear, was in high spirits, and when he left at 3.25 p.m., excused himself cheerfully on the grounds that already the representatives of a country containing 390 million persons had been waiting for him ten minutes. Previously he had been giving tips for that day's races at Lingfield. Of the five horses he mentioned, however, two did not run, and none of the remaining three won. A prophet without profit!

S

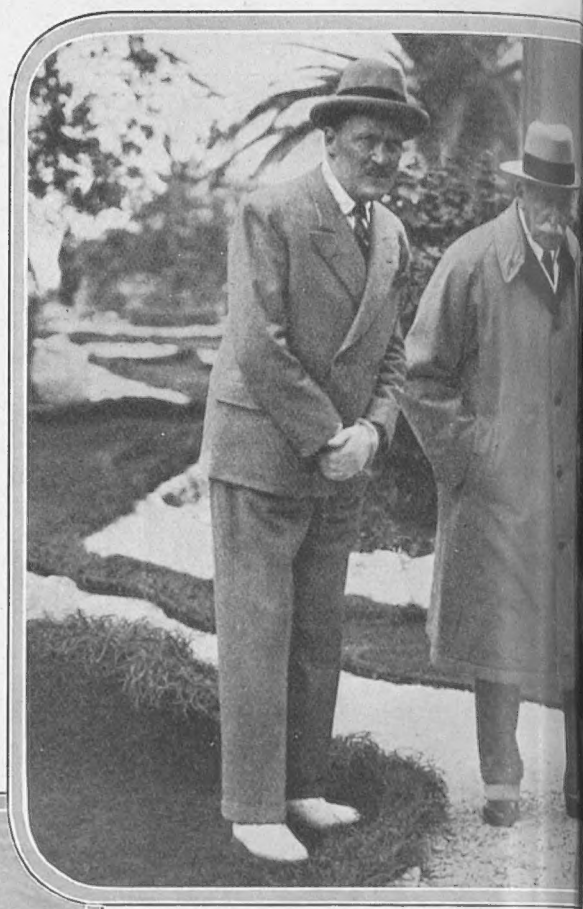
I MYSELF was at Lingfield that day, and, fortunately, did not know his fancies, and so did not back them. It was a pleasant day, but the attendance was small. The Hon. Rowland Leigh, who has just retired from being handicapper to the Jockey Club, was there, however, and had his first bet for thirty years. Mr. Leigh, who has now gone to Majorca to find the sun—he is staying with the Hon. Mrs. Miriam Williams—had his greatest success on the Turf in the Cambridgeshire of 1918. On that occasion only five heads divided the first six horses—the closest race in the history of the turf, and a triumph of handicapping.

Sport and General

Sir Laming Worthington-Evans enjoying a round of golf during his Riviera holiday. He is seen driving off from the first tee on the Mandelieu course

Mr. Arthur Towle seen at Monte Carlo with Mr. "Jan" Nimmo and his brother, Mr. "Fatty" Nimmo, the sons of Sir Adam Nimmo. Mr. "Jan" Nimmo is engaged to Mr. Towle's only daughter, Miss Betty Towle

IT is splendid that Lady Eleanor Smith has got such a success with her new book, "Flamenco,"



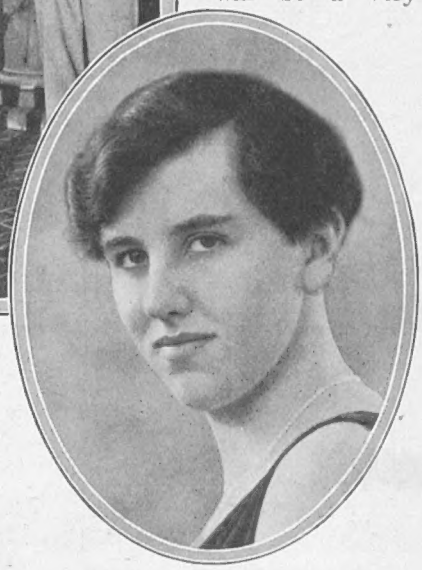
The Duke of Connaught arriving to open a [illegible] by British officers on the Riviera. Midget golf courses are spring[ing]

for, alas! her family and she will not be found to be well off when the late Lord Birkenhead's will is proved. Many people have said that Lord Birkenhead would leave nothing. I am glad to be able to say that not only will all his liabilities be met, but also that there will be a very small surplus.

Meantime, the Duke of Westminster, with his customary generosity, has given Lady Birkenhead her present home for life.

S

THE Hon. Mrs. Rowland Leigh has just received from America one of those glorious communications from the officers and council



Raphael

A studio portrait of Miss Betty Towle, who is engaged to Mr. James Nimmo. Her father, Mr. Arthur Towle, C.B.E., is the Controller of the L.M.S. Hotel Services

AMERICA AND MAGNA CHARTA

P. and A.

miniature golf course at Beaulieu, an enterprise started enjoying a terrific boom along the Côte d'Azure, where new up everywhere

CAGNES - SUR - MER, writes my Riviera correspondent, is filled with pride at having for one day been the centre of attraction of the Riviera. It staged an excellent train smash, in which no one was hurt, but the mess was indescribable. Both main lines were blocked for the entire day, and the efforts made to clear it away attracted masses of cars. Extra police were called to wrestle with the traffic, and the scene of the accident became a meeting place for the monde of the Riviera.

I saw Sir Hugo de Bathe, as immaculately dressed as ever; while two well-known authors had dashed to the scene, armed with notebooks and secretaries, in apparently fervent need of local colour. Then an immense car drew up, cameras were unloaded, and a cinema company had arrived! Altogether, it was a scene of indescribable confusion, and intensely humorous.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

The recent frost has been a serious matter to trainers. For several days there was not a single gallop.

Competition will be keener than ever, and I have confidence in the horses I have named.

SOLANUM was supported to win big money at Derby, but at half way he hit a fence rather hard and fell. Otherwise market operations would have been vindicated. Must have been considered something "extra good" when he was expected to beat White Pine and Balins in a three miles' 'chase.

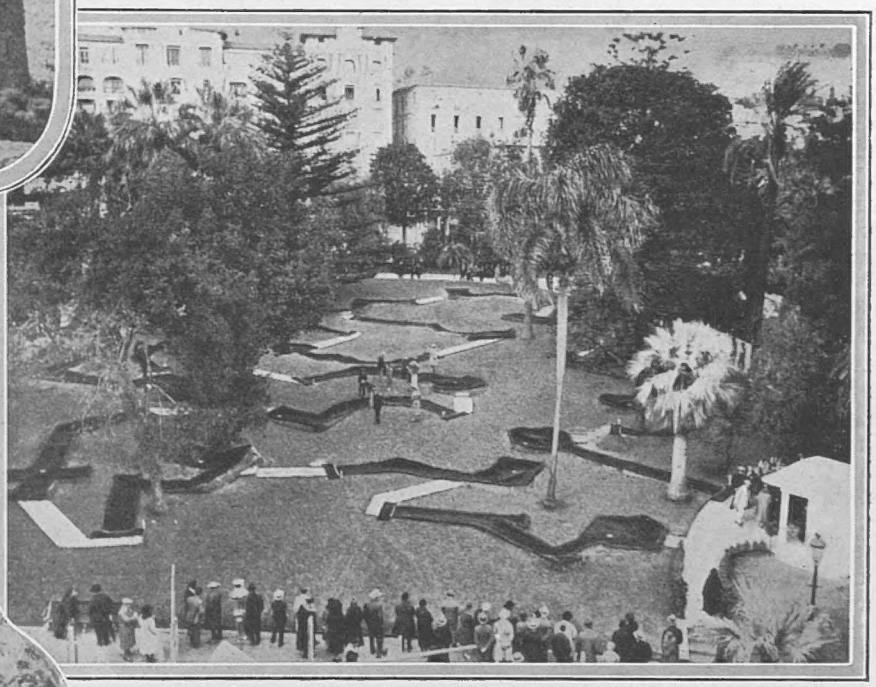
MERCURY will win over a more severe course than Lingfield. The seven year old is running into form and should not be missed for early engagements. Was backed to beat Knight of Knockeevan over hurdles, having a weight advantage. The pace was too fast.

ON APPROVAL was unlucky at Lingfield. Was extensively supported and was only narrowly defeated over hurdles by Altitude.

BRIAR PATH ran exceptionally well at Lingfield, but has failed on more than one occasion when the money was down. Was with the leaders the greater part of the journey and losses should be recovered.

WINDSWEPT is making as much progress as any horse in the North. This augurs well for his future career as a 'chaser.

FELCOURT should benefit by experience. His fencing at Lingfield left something to be desired, but he showed fair pace between the jumps, and it may prove profitable to give him another chance.



A general view of the "Mignon" midget golf course, which has been opened at Monte Carlo. It attracts an enormous number of devotees of this recreation, which is sweeping the Riviera

of the National Society of Magna Charta Dames inviting her "cordially to become a member of the Society in right of her lineal descent from a baron of the Magna Charta." The honorary president of this remarkable society is Mrs. Gillogly, which sounds far removed from King John. The president is Mrs. James Large. The regent general is Mrs. Washington; the registrar is Mrs. Wurts, and the herald is Mrs. Ortiz. Each potential member is provided with a list of "the twenty-five celebrated sureties for the observance of the statutes contained in the Magna Charta," but is warned that only seventeen of them have descendants alive to-day. What fun and capers it all is!

The author of the much discussed autobiography "Laughing Through," following through on the "Mignon" course at Monte Carlo. Many scenes in this book, by Nina Wilcox Putnam, are laid in England

IT takes a brave woman to sandwich herself into a bob-team, and yet Miss Rosie Dolly did this the other day when she was a member of the winning team in the Argentine Cup race at St. Moritz. Incidentally, I hear that Captain Cecil Pimm, whose wife was on his bob, "Tishy," when Mr. Carter Campbell was killed two

SOME WEDDINGS OF THE MONTH

years ago, has been asked once again to go out and skipper an English team. I doubt whether he accepted, though.

SKI-JUMPING by non-commissioned officers of the Swiss Army was the entertaining spectacle available to visitors at Les Avants, the little winter sports resort above Montreux, last week. Ski-jumping, however, was only one of the competitions. Patrol, endurance, and speed events were also included. The best ski jumper among Englishmen is undoubtedly Mr. Colin Wyatt, an undergraduate who has performed amazing feats in this direction both this year and last year.

MALOJA, like Klosters, is having very good snow, as well as a very good season. Among the latest arrivals at Maloja are Lord Adare, Sir Edward and Lady Grigg, the Hon. Varena Maxwell, Mr. Rex Whistler and Lord Farnham.

All kinds of the usual competitions were held at one of the many ice carnivals there the other day. There was a bottle and stick race, which ended in a dead heat; a beetle race, a hoop race, and a shovel race; while fancy dress balls, with charming prizes given away by Lord Adare, have been the order of the night.

TO return to London. There have been two amusing dances in the last few days—that of the Stage Golfing Society Ball at which it had been hoped that the Prince of Wales and Prince George would be present; and the O.U.D.S. Ball. Both were held at the Savoy Hotel, and went on until 4.30 in the morning. Leslie Henson was the last to leave the first-named, but I do not know who held this proud distinction at the O.U.D.S. Indeed, looking back now over a vista of late nights, I find it hard to recall which people were at which. Among those who were there, either at one or the other, were Lady Bridget Poulett, Baroness de Bush, Mr. William Harrison, the distiller, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and the Hon. Pamela Boscawen.

GIGOLINI, with whose name Biarritz is inevitably linked up, has been staying in London for a few days and has received numbers of bookings

Dr. Ivor Nicholas Lewis and his bride, Miss Mary Fyfe Barstow, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding last week

The Hon. W. Jolliffe, only son of Lord and Lady Hylton, and Lady Perdita Asquith, a grand-daughter of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, after their wedding at Brompton Oratory

The Hon. Mrs. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, formerly Miss Joy Verney, whose wedding to the eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Boyne took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday, January 20. Little Lord Lascelles acted as a page to the bridegroom, who is his cousin

AMIDST T

Mrs. H. R. D. Waghorn, the wife of the famous airman, Fo Trophy last year, out for a run at Wengen, where they

WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND

from English people anxious to go out there during the next few weeks.

Cigolini, however, has a secret hankering after returning to London himself, and it would not surprise me if the Canadian Pacific Railway people make him the general manager of their intended new hotel in Berkeley Square. They certainly could not make a better choice.

S

I SEE from a notice in Ciro's Club, where Giovanni, the conjuror, is making a farewell appearance, that the Monte Carlo branch is not opening until February 1. Indeed, I am told that Mr. Montagu Hobson very nearly decided against opening it at all this winter. The glorious weather, however, has produced one of the best seasons since the War, and the takings should be considerable.

S

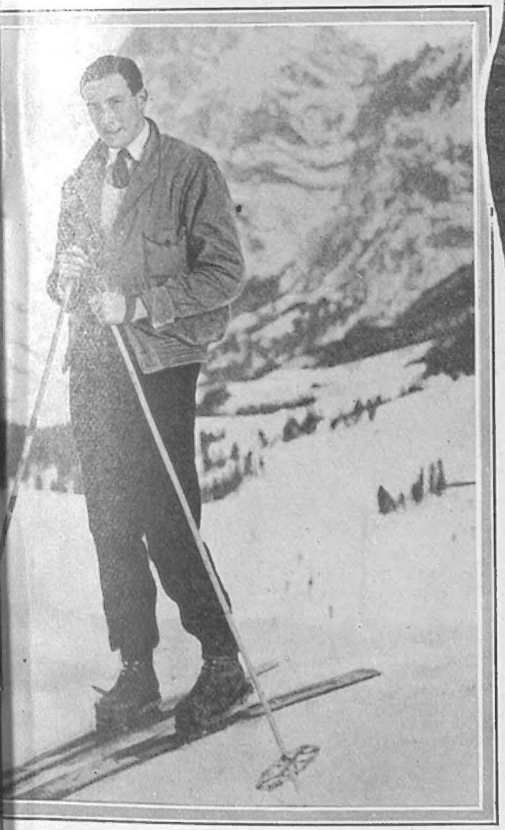
AMONG other restaurants the Café de Paris, which is always well patronised, should be mentioned. It shares with the Kit-Cat and the Café Anglais the reputation of being the best supported by the theatrical profession, and its non-theatrical clientèle is perhaps more—shall I say?—patrician. The Café Anglais, in Leicester Square, where Mr. Stocco has gone to join Mr. Poulsen in partnership, is drawing the young smart set, who turn up night after night to hear Douglas Byng sing his very wicked numbers. I saw the Duke and Duchess of Westminster laughing at him the other day. I hear Eton boys are going to be allowed to enter the portals of Poulsen's new Sports Club at Datchet, which will open in May next.

Sport and General

Two expert skaters on the ice at St. Moritz. They are Mr. J. F. Page, the English Amateur Skating Champion, and Miss M. Morgan

Topical

Miss Sonja Henie, the World's Champion Lady Skater, indulging in a few acrobatics. She is seen on the ice at St. Moritz, where she is in training for the next World's Skating Championship



Fox

WINTER SNOWS

Lieut. H. R. D. Waghorn, who finished first in the Schneider Cup when staying. She is seen with her brother, Mr. George Watson

S

THE A. P. Herbert's first night at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, drew both a literary and distinguished audience when his light opera, *Tantivy Towers*, was produced. Nothing seems to come amiss to this versatile author, for in addition to writing lyrics full of point and polish, he is one of the best novelists of the day. I think the hunting set will wend their way riverwards, for even though the satire which contrasts the highbrows of Chelsea with lovers of the chase may not be fully appreciated, they will certainly enjoy the song written in dead earnest of the joys

THEATRICAL STARS AT SOPHIE

Sasha

Another birthday party group seen at the Kit-Cat Restaurant. Included in the photograph are Miss Janet McGrew, Major Freeland and Miss Bourn Dale

Sasha

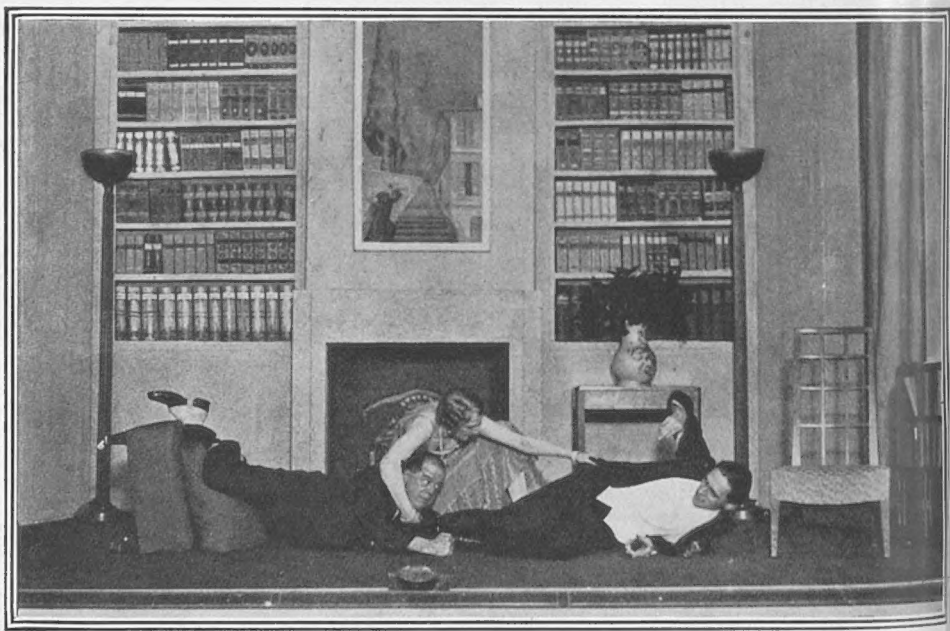
Sophie Tucker presiding over her supper table at the Kit-Cat during the party given to celebrate her birthday last week. Included in the group seen above are Hilda Glyder (left), Peggy Wood, Sophie Tucker, Ivy Tresmand and Stephanie Stephens

of hunting, one verse of which runs as follows:—

We found in a spinney by Gumbleton Guinea,
My mare with a whinny was off like a shot,
With hounds in full chorus, the County before us,
She asked for a gallop—a gallop she got.

S

THE name "Debrett" has become so much a household word that it is almost impossible to imagine how we should get on without that bulky but invaluable volume, which has been supplying us with a complete list of the Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage for no fewer than two hundred and eighteen years. Incidentally, it would be interesting to compare the names in the Debrett of 1713 with those found in the edition for the present year of grace! One of the most useful features in Debrett's Peerage is the complete lists of collateral branches which is included, for the tracing of cousins and more distant relatives is sometimes the very dickens of a job. However, Debrett, which is published by Dean and Sons, Ltd., of Debrett House, 29, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, makes the task mere child's play.



THE STANST

A scene from "How He Lied to Her Husband," which formed one of the two plays recently presented by the Society of Stansted Players at the Stansted Theatre in aid of the funds to repair Chichester Cathedral and Forestside Church. Seen above are: Major T. W. G. Davis as "Her Husband," Lady George Cholmondeley as "She" and the Hon. Denys Buckley as "He"

TUCKER'S MAMMOTH BIRTHDAY PARTY

Sasha

Some of the many well-known people who attended Sophie Tucker's birthday party last week. Seen above are Lieut.-Colonel Elwy Jones (left), Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, Erin O'Brien Moore and J. L. Sacks

Sasha

Sophie Tucker cutting her birthday cake during the great party at the Kit-Cat last week. Among her friends who are watching the not too solemn rite will be seen Hilda Glyder and Ivy Tresmand (left), Cicely Courtneidge and Stephanie Stephens and, on the right, Erin O'Brien Moore

INCIDENTALLY, there is more than a little quiet amusement to be gained from a study of some of the armorial bearings which are included in the pages. The College of Heralds in the old days often indulged in pictorial puns on the name of the person for whom they were designing coats-of-arms, but nowadays it would seem that their humour, which is probably unconscious, is of a more subtle nature!

WHILST on the subject of books of reference, I must pay a tribute to the wonderfully efficient manner in which the compilers of that monumental volume, "Who's Who," have done their work. To bring out a book containing the names and full particulars of the work, interests, recreations, and addresses of thousands of the great and near great, must be a labour worthy of Hercules himself, but the 1931 edition of "Who's Who," which is published by Messrs. A. and C. Black and Co., of 4, Soho Square, W.1, is even larger than ever, and as a guide to the celebrities of the day is quite invaluable. Recently I was glancing through a "Who's Who" for 1901, and noted that "bicycling" easily headed the list of recreations. Now, it would be impossible to find one enthusiast who careers gaily round Battersea Park on his "safety."

Alfieri

PLAYERS IN ACTION

James Henry Kennion (Mr. Ralph Alderson), Reggie Kennion (Lord Duncannon) and Mrs. Kennion (Mrs. M. J. Bartlett) in a little family disturbance. An incident in the second act of "The Younger Generation," which, with "How He Lied to Her Husband," was recently performed by the Stansted Players in aid of charity

L.N.A.

Mrs. Gordon Colman petting hounds at the recent meet of the Belvoir at Three Queens, near Grantham. Her husband, Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Colman, is Joint-Master with Mr. C. F. Tonge

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three . . . four three . . . no, *foo-uu-rr* three. . . . Hello, Baa? . . . Yes, Moo speaking. . . . Oh, my dear, what a party! . . . Yes, I'm dead to the world. . . . Only Rosa stood the course . . . then she's an expert. . . . Such excitement at the Berkeley the other night . . . a very pretty girl who had said good-bye to her hostess and left with an attendant young man for home suddenly reappeared *in tears*, stating she was "fed-up" . . . no one could quite fathom what had happened . . . two minutes later the erring cavalier turned up, too. . . . a reconciliation was finally effected and the lovebirds left together. . . . It reminded me of the famous scene in that same restaurant between a handsome young man who is now making his first stage appearance with a leading lady . . . but on that occasion the lady was carried out. . . .

* * *

The very latest chic is to dress as a foil for your best girl friend . . . not the same, that is too Ruthvenish . . . but as a delightful contrast . . . for instance, I saw Lady Baron at the Embassy the other night wearing black lace and emeralds, while her friend, Mrs. Lebus, was in white lace and rubies . . . they both looked marvellous, I can assure you. . . . The new Lady Melchett and Diana Gibb often plan their clothes together. . . .

* * *

Lord Carlow had a lucky escape on his way home from Switzerland, for he crashed his Moth at Stuttgart . . . but in spite of a bandaged forehead he was well enough to be dancing with his "evergreen" mother at the Embassy two days later. . . . Lady Portarlington has at last broken her rule of never wearing jewellery, and has three lovely bracelets of twisted rubies, amethysts and emeralds. . . Marion Holden, Wanda Baillie-Hamilton's mother, is another upholder of bare arms and neck, although I believe her collection of period jewellery is famous . . . it was at the Embassy that a jeune-fille, who was much photographed and fêted last season, was heard to assure a friend that she intended to drink herself stupid one day to see what it felt like!! . . . she will find it a doubtful pleasure, eh, Baa? . . . Do you remember that night—or rather morning—in Paris last spring? . . . I shall never forget the taxi-driver's face when you kissed him good-night. . . .

* * *

Commander Glen Kidston . . . he with the nine lives . . . has taken No. 1, Culross Street . . . the house round which such speculation and excitement surged last year when it was let to a lovely Viscountess who continually keeps Society on the qui-vive, as we used to say at school. . . . I have seen him at a lot of parties lately, generally with "Tim" Birkin, with whom he shares a shoot in Norfolk. . . .

* * *

I hear Elsa Maxwell is giving a party in Paris . . . and Douglas Byng is rushing over for it . . . she wired him it was to be the "cat's pyjamas" of a whoopee—and that he was to bring his shawl. . . . I hope for Paris' sake he doesn't forget Flora MacDonald's sporran . . . ! I saw Lady Orr-Lewis off to Paris the other day; it is almost a weekly visit for her . . . as she has nearly as many friends across the Channel as here . . . she and her husband enjoy a party more than any couple I know . . . and if they accept half their invitations I swear they never dine alone . . . The engagement between a young Earl who is still at Oxford and someone who figured very prominently in a recent book of beauty seems to be hanging fire. . . . Despite all rumours to the contrary . . . many people believe there is yet another nobleman in the running. . . .

* * *

What's that? . . . no . . . I think she sailed last week; I meant to cable her a message of bon voyage, but forgot. . . . "Bunny" Tattersall, the well-known sportsman, sailed on Friday for East Africa to stay with Frank Greswolde-Williams, who owns the best big game shooting in Africa. . . . Bunny is the only person who can get drink into forbidden places . . . guess how? . . . they may search him unavailingly . . . the secret is that his wooden leg is hollow. . . . Like your boy friend, who was the hero of a breach of promise case a year or so ago, when to every question raised he said, "I can't remember." . . . I wish I could say the same sometimes. . . .

* * *

Well, darling, I must fly now—I have three fittings before luncheon and a promised cocktail . . . not a hot one this time . . . with a beau. . . .

A NORTHERN Chamber of Commerce has started a "Buy Now" campaign. Success is assured if co-operation is established with the Consumers' "Pay Later" movement.

AN American jazz orchestra which sailed the other day for a South American tour will be lucky if it is not mistaken for a revolution.

FRIEND: "Is your youngest son a surgeon?"

ACTOR (*proudly*): "Yes. He opens in Bart's to-night."

MANY great men come from small towns, but you can't tell whether it's because of ambition or gossip.

YOUTH IN THE HUNTING FIELD

Sport and General

Four of Major-General J. E. B. Seely's children at the meet of the Isle of Wight Foxhounds at Mottistone Manor. Seen above are the Misses Emily, Kathleen, and Louisa Seely and Master David Seely

Left: Mrs. T. A. Cook, the Joint-Master of the North Norfolk, at the children's meet held at Blickling Hall, Aylsham, near Norwich. With her is her little daughter, Geraldine

Topical

Vyvyan Poole

Left: Lady Helena Wentworth - Fitzwilliam, the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, at a meet of the Island Hounds, near Camolin, County Wexford. She is hunting this season from her father's Irish seat, Coollattin, near Shillelagh

Right: Lady Mary Vane - Tempest - Stewart adopts a novel habit when attending a meet of the Cottesmore at Whadborough Cross Roads. She is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry

L.N.A.

DRUM BEATS AT OLD DRURY

THE HERO STAGES A "COME-BACK"

A knock-out blow for the Ilkani of Kahlek (Allan Jeayes), delivered by the hero, Captain Anthony Darrell (Derek Oldham), while the heroine, Sheila McKenna (Helen Gilliland), counts a joyful ten seconds

"The Song of the Drum" at Drury Lane

APART from the plot which Gus 'Arris, known as Druriolanus, might have discarded from weakness when he ruled at the National Theatre and gave us a yearly Autumn melodrama mallied with music, the new spectacular musical comedy at Drury Lane is just the kind of show that this big theatre requires.

THE points in its favour, which far outweigh the demerits of the book provided by Fred Thompson and Guy Bolton, are the superb spectacle, the excellent singing by principals and chorus of music, both rousing and catchy, by Vivian Ellis and Herman Finck, and some humorous interludes, greatly strengthened since the first night, which prove much to the taste of the audience.

DRURY LANE has always been famous for scenic effects, and the mise-en-scène provided by Prof. Ernst Stern worthily upholds the tradition of this theatre. There may have been more gorgeous scenes staged in the past, but assuredly none more beautiful. The singing, too, is on a high plane, with Derek Oldham, Helen Gilliland, Marie Burke and Raymond Newell in the cast, while Bobby Howes, Peter Haddon, and Clarice Hardwicke, now that they have been given the material, are all genuinely funny.

ONCE again the chorus work is wonderfully effective. There is one movement with ostrich feather fans which is as ingenious as it is beautiful, while many of the other dances show that the man responsible, Ralph Reader, possesses a most inventive mind. I almost wish he were not so clever at his job, for I am getting tired of praising him!

THIS musical melodrama did not get good notices after the first night, but when I saw the production it was evident that much had been done to improve this *Song of the Drum*, and I hold to the opinion that it should have a long and successful run.

"Folly to be Wise," at the Piccadilly Theatre

JACK HULBERT'S touch is visible in *Folly to be Wise*, for he possesses an individuality of style in the production of revues which cannot be mistaken. To those interested in the lighter side of the theatre there is often no necessity to look at a programme to discover the identity of the producer; and you could no more mistake a Cochran for a Hulbert show than attribute a drawing by Belcher to Bateman.

WHERE Jack Hulbert is so clever is in securing most artistic settings with a minimum of effort—and expense. In this new revue at the Piccadilly there is one set which, so far as I could see from a box which only allowed two-thirds of the stage to be in evidence, consisted only of a giant candle and an inkpot and quill pen on the same large scale. As simple as could be, but, thanks to clever lighting, a scene which by its beauty will remain in the memory.

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF THE "SONG OF THE DRUM," AT DRURY LANE, BY H. H. HARRIS

PEACHES FOR SALE

A "Stop-Me-and-Buy-One" merchant finds prospective customers in "Chips" Wilcox (Bobby Howes) and "Goofy" Tapham (Peter Haddon)

ANOTHER aspect of Jack Hulbert's cleverness is in realising the value of his own wife, a circumstance often overlooked by husbands! It would be untrue to say that Cicely Courtneidge is the only attraction in the show, but she is far and away the biggest, small as she is. There is no actress playing in musical shows to-day with a keener sense of the comic in character, and no type seems to come amiss to her. In *Folly to be Wise* she plays a variety of parts with a delightful sense of humour, and is equally at home as a Spanish dancer, a lady barber, a middle-class tourist who, not taking to strong waters, sees murder committed without turning a hair, or as an elderly aristocrat who was strangely reminiscent of Peggy Wood in *Bitter Sweet*.

BUT the biggest surprise Cicely Courtneidge gives us is in an acrobatic turn, where, joining up with the real articles, she proves herself no mean performer when thrown about the stage in the usual manner. What is unusual, and extensely funny, is in seeing the awful effect it has on her. The forced smile of enjoyment she manages to conjure up after she had been twirled round and round like a tee-to-tum, and can hardly stand for giddiness, is alone worth the price of admission. Here is an artist whose motto must be "Thorough."

NELSON KEYS here returns to revue after too long an absence, and is as neat and finished in his character sketches as ever. His imitation of Maurice Chevalier is not only an imitation but a criticism, and I wish he would add to his gallery one of Groucho Marx, which should pan out far more funnily than the original.

"Betrayal," at the Little Theatre

DO you remember the story invented about the late Duke of Devonshire, who dreamt that he was making a speech in the House of Lords, and when he woke up found that he *was* making a speech in the House of Lords? Well, I have an idea that Leonid Andreyev, the Russian dramatist, has adapted this story for the stage, for in *Betrayal*, produced at the Little Theatre, his most unpleasant hero pretends to be mad, and when he tries to come to his senses finds that he really *is* mad!

AND in the telling of his tale Andreyev spares us nothing. His characters are a futile, unpleasant collection, entirely devoid of the saving grace of humour, who spend their time in being offensively rude to each other and in self-analysis of their extremely uninteresting personalities; while one who "asked for it" was murdered. David Horne acted with real power, and was well supported by a company quite at home in the "vitches" and "offs" indigenous to Russian caviare.

V. W.

"Chips" Wilcox (Bobby Howes) with Judy McKenna (Clarice Hardwicke), assisted by the chorus, provide some of the "kicks" of the show

A STRONG ATTRACTION

Countess Olga von Haultstein (Marie Burke), whose singing of "Within my Heart" brings down the house

ODETTE MYRTIL

The clever actress, who will be remembered for her singing and violin playing in "Dover Street to Dixie," at the London Pavilion a few years ago, is back in the West End. She will open on January 26 at the Kit-Cat as Mistress of Ceremonies and leader of the Kit-Cat Band

MUSIC SNOBBERY

THERE seems to be a loud lament going up in some quarters because Harrogate is about to abandon its Municipal Orchestra, so ably conducted by Mr. Basil Cameron for several years past. It appears that Harrogate has the hardihood to propose in its place a military band. In sixteen years the Corporation appears to have lost £26,000 on good music, and hence the suggestion to substitute a military band. Whether the military band will make good the loss is another matter. Personally, I would run the length of a street to avoid ninety-nine military bands out of a hundred.

I WANT to confess at once, and without any equivocation at all, that I am a modernist in music. What is a modernist? you may ask. A modernist, dear Sir, or Madam, is one who believes that the music of to-day is streets ahead of the music of yesterday. I have no more use for Brahms, or Beethoven, or Wagner, or any of the great "masters" of a century or so ago than I have for a sick headache. Mendelssohn's Wedding March seems to me far more lively and much nearer the jeu d'esprit of the occasion it commemorates when played to syncopation than as Mendelssohn wrote it in the dreary past. At any rate, I enjoyed dancing to it the other night, and what is really the good of a wedding march if it does not accord with dance, song, and gaiety?

AT the risk of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, I will go so far as to say that the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas are a fetish or survival of the smug Victorian Age, and if written to-day would stand no earthly chance of a run. I won't argue the archaic and dismal nature of Gilbert's libretto and lyrics, but Sullivan, a genius of his day, a daring composer (ye gods!) of another epoch, is really as out of date as the comedies of Aristophanes, both being survivals of an archaic type of mentality regarded as "classics" in their various fields. That crowds will queue up to hear Gilbert and Sullivan, or that you could fill a theatre with enthusiastic admirers of Aristophanes were they to produce "The Frogs," is beyond the point, or, rather it is the point I am aiming at. Some people's mentality never advances a stage beyond the teachings of their youth. It is bad enough of books, but it is far, far worse in music that the atrophied mind is tolerated.

BEHIND this adoration of the masterpieces of a bygone period it strikes me there lies a great deal of snobbishness. The point can be illustrated in the literary field. We are taught from our youth to regard writers like Macaulay, Scott, Thackeray, and others as classics of their kind, and I am sure if we had a Sir John Lubbock selecting another "Hundred Best Books" they would all be included. Yet what can be more rhetorical and artificial than Macaulay, who, as an essayist, stands far, far after old Plutarch, more long-winded, diffuse and dreary than Scott, or more full of copy-book platitudes than Thackeray? As for Jane Eyre, any modern, well-educated schoolgirl to-day would scorn writing such an amateur story with its ludicrous dénouement. As a psychological self-revelation of a "daring" young governess of a hundred years ago, it may provide a useful object-lesson in the stilted outlook of that period, but no more. Yet people continue to rave about such writers, and will continue. Nevertheless, modern writing, style, construction, and characterisation have rendered all the classics obsolete.

EVEN more is this so with music. To compose the modern dance numbers requires a skill and effectiveness which leaves the mere noise and sounds of the Victorians far behind. Most operas are as much a survival as the tom-toms of the African Hinterland. After all, what is the idea of music? Isn't it to charm? Waltzes like "Dancing with tears in my eyes," "Body and Soul," "Son of my Heart," and the like are full of delightful melody, and one day in the distant future no doubt they will be proclaimed as "classics" when poor old Beethoven will be forgotten even by music mistresses. I believe that if Harrogate engaged a syncopated orchestra to play and sing the best modern numbers it would cheer up the visitors in a way symphonies, chamber music, or military marches can never do. For they possess rhythm, which is what the world wants to-day. C. B.

Listening to the famous orchestra in the Winter Gardens at Harrogate. The Corporation are proposing to substitute a military band for Mr. Basil Cameron's orchestra

BY A. GELLI

AN ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR

If Gossip We Must.

IT is difficult for the moment to see signs of the trade revival and any definite indication that 1931 is bound to be much more full of good things for all of us than was 1930. But the assertions that all is about to be well are so universal that if ever Couéism had a chance to prove that it is not all bunkum that chance is with us here and now.

ANYWAY, the shops are full of "amazing reductions," the theatres are having a fairly prosperous time, and the restaurants are doing as restaurants nearly always do—they are unaccountably full one night and equally unaccountably empty the next. And if you really want one badly, taxis sail by you by the score with their flags down, in spite of the fact that taxis are, with the exception of New York, more expensive in London than they are in most parts of the world.

CITY dinners, the season for which is in full swing, always give me an air of security, even if the richness of the food usually gives most people rather more than an air of indigestion. In order to celebrate the sale of the thousandth-millionth Savings Certificate Sir Robert Kindersley bade me and a lot of even more distinguished people to the Fishmongers' Hall to consume the most uneconomical meal that the spirit of economy had ever prompted.

But even the President of the National Savings Committee can show the wisdom of not always being in a saving spirit, and Sir Robert, who, in the words of Sophie Tucker, "is tall and dark and handsome," is the most hospitable of men.

The chief event of the dinner, from the actual culinary point of view, was the lobster, cooked in a way that would defy any pen adequately to describe. But if you cannot get a good lobster at the Fishmongers' Hall, where can you get a good lobster?

TALKING of lobsters, Harry Tate, who has been back at the Coliseum in "Fishing," and well up to his old form, told me the other day the story of a man whom he met who pitched a hard-luck tale—wife ill, not a penny in his pocket, brokers in the house, and so forth—and eventually succeeded in extracting a pound

Navana

JULIE SUEDO

Who takes one of the leading parts in "The Improper Duchess," the new play produced at the Globe Theatre on Monday, January 19. She is an actress who has made a big name for herself on the films

Janet Jevons

JANE BAXTER

Who is playing in "Leave It To Psmith," the successful farce now drawing to a close at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and has been making a talkie entitled "Down River," with Charles Laughton. She was married last month to Mr. C. Dunfee, the racing motorist

TWO NEW PLAYS

Pollard Crowther

Margaret Delamere and Sebastian Shaw in a scene from the English adaptation of the German play, "Danger! High Tension." This will be produced at the Everyman Theatre on January 26

note. Half an hour later he found him in Scott's devouring a huge lobster. Harry ventured to protest. "Good heavens!" came the unanswerable reply, "if a man can't have a lobster when he's got a pound, when *can* he have a lobster?"

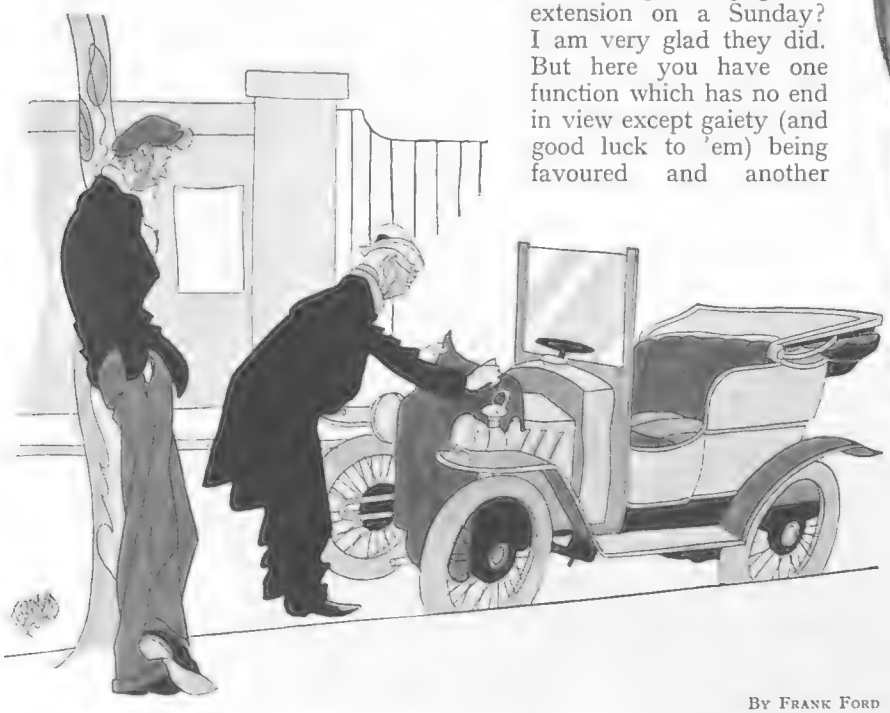
THE PRINCE OF WALES was at the Fishmongers' Hall Dinner, and found some interesting and amusing things to say, despite the fact that the subject was necessarily dull and financial. But I thought His Royal Highness, who arrived very late, quite contrary to his usual practice, looked pale and tired, and sadly in need of a rest, which his present voyage to South America is now giving him. My neighbour at table was the Chief Rabbi, a most genial man, who talked brilliantly on a variety of subjects on a diet that consisted of little more than dry toast and mineral water.

THE Stage Golfing Society's dance was a success, and many people seemed to be having a good time who are not on the stage, do not play golf, are not in Society, and who do not dance. The not unamusing Rabelaisian atmosphere which is sometimes a feature of the S.G.S. "stag" functions was, of course, conspicuous—more or less—by its absence, but this did not interfere with the spirit of revelry, which was considerably assisted by the fact that an "extension" had been granted and alcoholic drink could be procured up to quite a reasonable hour. A marvellous fact, considering that it was a Sunday night.

I REMEMBER this drink question because it is high time that the lines on which extensions are granted or refused were looked into; a switching of a little limelight on to some facts can do no harm. A few weeks ago Captain Buckmaster (of Buck's Club fame) organised a cabaret and dance at the May Fair in aid of the admirable Boys' Club which he runs in the East End, in which the Prince of Wales is personally interested. Maurice Chevalier and Violet Loraine sang, you may remember, and all London was there—Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord Stanley, who made a speech, and heaven knows who else. "Buck" had applied for an extension, but Scotland Yard refused it on the grounds that never in any circumstances is one granted on a Sunday.

WHY, then, did the Stage Golfing Society get an extension on a Sunday? I am very glad they did. But here you have one function which has no end in view except gaiety (and good luck to 'em) being favoured and another function, one of whose objects was to raise money for an admirable charity, which enjoys Royal patronage, being refused. Socially speaking, the golf dance was, to say the least of it, not inferior to the May Fair cabaret. Both were respectability itself. Why, then, this distinction? And why do the authorities say that they never grant extensions on a Sunday when the moment after they *do* grant one?

I KNOW of some dance clubs and restaurants, irreproachably con-



By FRANK FORD

"You're too late, guv'nor. I've seen it!"

Lenare

CLARE LUCE

The beautiful American actress who played lead with Nelson Keys in "Vaudeville" a year ago, is visiting England on a holiday. "I love the British people," she told "The Bystander," "and your li'l old London is so restful"

HOLLYWOOD'S DANGER.

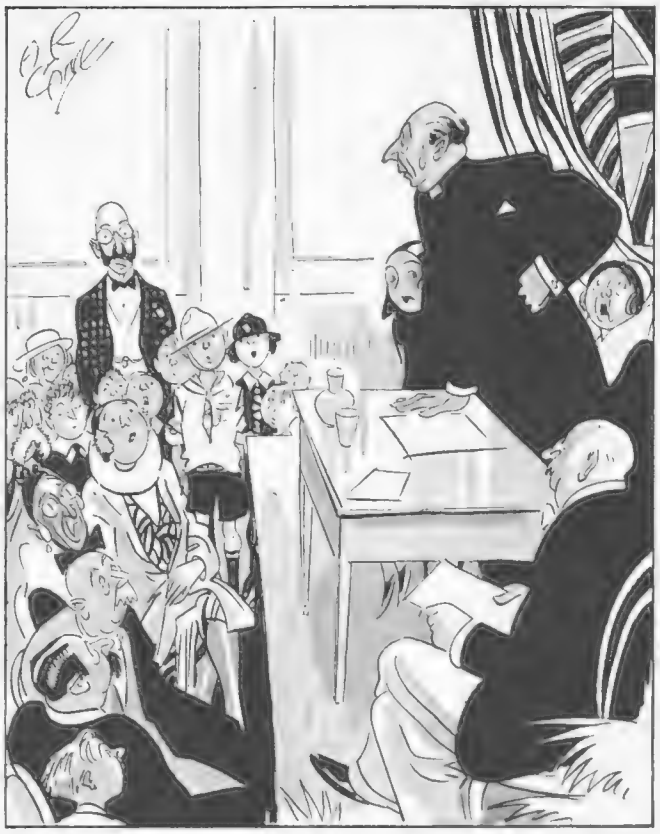
Hollywood has begun to attract the attention of the American crooks to such an extent that actors now walk about armed, and strong guards patrol the grounds of the leading film stars.

THE city of Mary and Doug
Is no longer free from the bandit,
For burglar and gunman and thug
Scent loot and are vowing to land it.
The efforts of "bad men" from Chi.
Are rocking the stars in their courses,
And not only on lots do the film folk know "shots"
Now they're guarded by strongly armed forces

If Chaplin was robbed of his cane,
His small bowler hat and winged collar,
He probably would not complain—
He could buy a new set for a dollar.
If Lloyd found his spectacles gone,
I doubt if he'd fall in a passion,
But without more ado see an oculist who
Would supply a brand new glass of fashion.

But what would make Hollywood mad
And raise the most awful commotion
Would be if some desperate lad
Conceived the incredible notion
Of taking what all hold most dear
And, bent on a new form of plunder,
Sallied forth one dark night and with fiendish delight
Got busy and stole all their thunder!

B. W.



By A. R. Cant

"I'm glad to be here because this meeting has to do with boys and girls, and I do not forget that I was once a boy and girl myself!"

Dorothy Wilding

Elsa Lanchester, whose performance in the name part of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," at the Gate Theatre, in Villiers Street, is a masterpiece of restrained burlesque. The Gate Theatre, where many clever and modernist plays are produced, is well worth visiting and the prices are very reasonable

themselves a little longer as a great favour once in a while I cannot imagine. The Continent laughs at us and Americans go to the Continent instead of coming to London, and would probably laugh at us, too, were not their own land of No Liberty in such an unholy muddle in this respect.

THE just, sane, and obvious thing to do is to let any place of refreshment, from the Ritz to the Pig and Whistle, remain open, if it wants to, for the sale of alcohol until 2 a.m., which is late enough for anyone. The moment the permission is abused and disducted, who can only get an extension when they apply for it, and it is often refused. When it *is* granted it is sometimes granted only at the eleventh hour, when the distracted managers have hardly any time to make special arrangements and no time at all to advertise that extension. Yet other establishments have their extensions granted as a matter of course, and are able to advertise "extension every Wednesday" (or whatever the night may be) with, obviously, much benefit to themselves.

orderly scenes occur, take away, or suspend, its licence. Failing that, if the extension system is retained, extensions must be granted equitably and without fear or favour—or anything else.

JUST as we go to press (as the daily papers say) comes the cheering news that there was a nice little drop of £158,796,000 in our exports compared with those of 1929. Funny, isn't it? If one cannot blame the Government wholly for this appalling state of affairs one can most decidedly blame them for not only allowing it to continue, but for even encouraging it to do so by clinging to their silly fetishes. They might at least be expected to say: "Things are obviously pretty bad. They could hardly be worse. A tariff might not make things any better, but a lot of quite sensible people are convinced that it would. So in this parlous plight we might at any rate try it."

OF course, all this extension business is utterly wrong. It savours of school or military discipline—with its "leaves" and "exeats," and whatnot. Anything more undignified than for adult citizens to be told that they may enjoy

Mr. R. H. Gillespie, who has been elected President for the present year of the Stage Golfing Society, which meets at the Café Anglais, in Leicester Square: He is the Managing Director of the London Hippodrome

NOT a bit of it! This terrible drop of millions upon millions in our exports worries Mr. Snowden

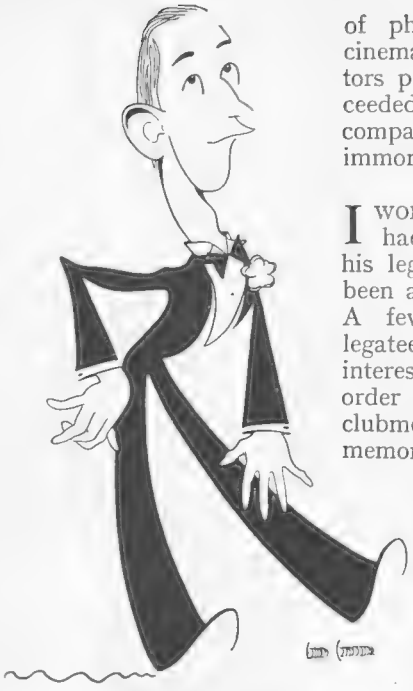
STAGE PROPS! *Photopress*

Ronald Squire, who plays the stockbroker father in Somerset Maugham's successful comedy, "The Breadwinner," at the Vaudeville, destroys a thirty shilling silk hat at every performance. He is here seen with some of his many "victims"

far less than would the vaguest prospect of a tariff being imposed in an honest attempt to check it. And, in addition, fresh expenditure is piled up and slave-produced timber from Russia is allowed to be dumped in our ports, the accursed Bolshevist being even encouraged to do so by British money.

THE concert season has started, and although opera, save at the Old Vic, where it does not exceed the "praiseworthy" level, is still some months distant, orchestral concerts are in full swing at the Queen's Hall, Sir Henry Wood is on his way home from South Africa, and Sir Thomas Beecham—well, one never knows quite where Sir Thomas Beecham is. One may or may not like the piano playing of Arthur Schnabel (in my opinion he is enormously talented, but not a genius), but he has the knack of drawing a fashionable gang and of absolutely filling any hall at which he is engaged. Schnabel can make Langham Place in January look like Long Acre in June, so far as motor cars are concerned. And that is something.

THE Drury Lane management are not so ignorant that they thought January 12 was Twelfth Night, and so deferred the cutting of the Baddeley Cake till then. The reason why this annual function was put off was due to the theatre being closed on the proper date. But the members of the Drury Lane company seemed in no way downcast at the postponement, and ate their pieces of cake and drank port negus at the expense of an actor, himself associated with Drury Lane, who died in 1794. The cake-cutting was performed by C. M. Lowne, one of the trustees of the fund, and the number of photographers and cinematograph operators present almost exceeded in number the company who were thus immortalised.



CLAUDE HULBERT

Jack Hulbert's younger brother, whose nimbleness of foot and lugubrious expression have won him a considerable reputation on the musical comedy stage. He has now started writing lyrics, and had a clever one in "Follow a Star," the musical play which recently ended a run at the Winter Garden Theatre

I WONDER if Baddeley had died nowadays his legacy would have been allowed to stand? A few years ago a legatee bequeathed the interest on a fund in order that his fellow-clubmen might keep his memory green by drinking his health, and the Court of Probate—with a teetotalism which I cannot but deplore—pronounced the legacy invalid. I can quite understand the law stepping in when a testator bequeaths a legacy contrary to public interest, but what harm could be done to anyone by allowing a man thus to dispose of his own money in his own way passeth my comprehension. This goes to negative the idea that a man can do what he likes with his own, and proves that, in the words of Mr. Bumble, "the law is a hass."

Society and Sports Press

"HERR STRAUSS WILL KINDLY OBLIGE"

Johann Strauss, the famous waltz composer, was so pleased with the playing of the Hungarian Band when he recently visited the Hungaria Restaurant, Lower Regent Street, that he took the leader's violin and delighted the guests by playing one of his own airs

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The ex-Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir William and Lady Waterlow, enjoying the sunshine in Hyde Park. Judgment for £569,421 has just been given against Sir William's firm

The present Lord Mayor, Sir Phené Neal, patting Mr. J. H. Thomas in fraternal manner after the memorial service to the Princess Royal at the Chapel Royal, St. James's

Planet News

"Legs" Diamond, the notorious racketeer, leaving the Metropolitan Hospital for his palatial New York house. While in hospital a further attempt was made to murder him by persons equally ill-disposed

"Big Bill" Tilden patronises the Young Idea. He was formerly amateur lawn tennis champion and has now turned professional. He is here seen coaching Bernard Friedman, of Philadelphia, a young competitor in a National Tennis Title Tourney in New York

Topical

Lord Clarendon, Governor-General designate of South Africa, with Lady Clarendon, seen at Waterloo on their departure for Cape Town

THE LATEST CRAZE—Lawn Tennis on the Ice

Planet News

America has discovered a new winter game, at present unknown in England. Above are Miss Annita T. Liggett and Mrs. V. W. Beege congratulating each other after a strenuous tennis single on a court where ice took the place of rubble

A SNIPER AT WORK

Evesham, in Worcestershire, has been suffering from a plague of wood-pigeons which have been doing great damage to cabbage crops, and the farmers have been employing expert shots to exterminate them. Above is seen a youthful sniper waiting for an unwary victim

A REVIEW OF THE GAME SHOOTING SEASON

BY "CLODHOPPER"

A BRIEF retrospection of the now rapidly declining shooting season of 1930 may prove interesting. Generally speaking there was a splendid show of strong, healthy grouse on the English and Scottish moors. Disease was, happily, conspicuous by its complete absence from all districts, and though, at times, shooting was either held up or greatly marred by rain and mist, the past season on the Northern, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire grouse moors was one of the best in a great number of years. In point of fact several Highland shootings, including Badenoch, Quich, Invershie, and Crubenmore, yielded double, and in some cases treble, the totals of the previous season.

NEVERTHELESS, various sporting scribes predicted well before the season opened that sport on some of the moors in question would prove to be of a very poor quality. Such unreliable reports as these were responsible for not a few really well-stocked moors remaining unlet last season. This naturally meant not only loss of rent and heavier taxation to the owners of such shootings, but also unemployment among local ghillies, and, in some localities, privation to the "natives," who depend mainly upon visiting sportsmen for their winter livelihood.

NOT until a moor has been tried with setters can anything approaching a satisfactory estimate regarding the grouse crop thereon be made. The average keeper, be he a Scot or a Southron, is notoriously close-lipped when questioned anent the game prospects on his particular beat. Consequently the premature grouse and other game reports which find a way into the Press before the shooting season opens are almost invariably erroneous and misleading—a fact to be borne in mind by any "Bystander" who contemplates leasing his first grouse moor.

THE partridge "harvest" has been decidedly patchy. An exceptionally favourable nesting and hatching period, in practically all cultivated areas throughout the United Kingdom, gave promise of a bumper season with the little brown birds such as has not been experienced for a quarter of a century or longer. But alas! The torrential rains, and bitterly cold nights, which visited the Midland counties and other parts of agricultural England during July (one inch of rain fell in Nottingham within 24 hours on July 20) wiped out enormous numbers of young partridges, full broods being subsequently picked up dead by keepers and haymakers.

OWING to this great and lamentable mortality among the budding coveys from wet and chill, the game books on the majority of the principal East Midland shoots, and particularly those in Nottinghamshire, show miserably poor partridge totals in comparison with the returns for 1929. Indeed, the bags shot by the lessees of a certain noted 10,000 acre partridge manor in South Notts have averaged about 55 brace each day's driving, as against 150 brace per day the preceding season.

SIR HAROLD BOWDEN, whose famous coverts at Bestwood Lodge, Arnold, by the way, yielded 570 and 460 pheasants in two days' shooting during December, writes me as follows: "With regard to partridges in Nottinghamshire, it has been a really disastrous season, although there may have been a few bright patches. Last year was quite a good one, and so the result is that this year shows up very badly, and most of the big shoots have had very disappointing days. Nothing like the bags of last year. Something over 300 brace on one of the big shoots in North Notts was one of the partridge bags I heard of as being quite good; but not so good when compared with the corresponding shoot of last year, when between 400 and 500 brace were shot."

General Picture News

Another photograph from the Evesham "front." Two expert shots waiting to bring down any winged marauder who comes within range

ON the other hand, excellent partridge shooting has been enjoyed in many parts of the country which were not washed out by the deluge. For example, the marvellous record of 707 brace was made by Captain Cunningham-Reid, and eight other guns on Six-Mile Bottom Estate, Cambridgeshire, in one day's driving. Other notable totals have been scored on not a few well-known manors, especially in the eastern and southern counties. Briefly, the past partridge shooting season, though vastly disappointing to many of us, has most certainly contained some very bright patches.

Although one heard a good deal about gapes both in the rearing-fields, and after the young pheasants had been put to covert, hand-reared pheasants have done well enough on most shoots. Wild birds, on the contrary, have been unusually scarce in Nottinghamshire, and one can only think that they were unable to withstand the July deluge.

BEAUTIES OF YESTER-YEAR.

The photographs on this and succeeding pages depict some of the recognised beauties of the Past and Present day, in society and on the stage.

Lily Langtry, the "Jersey Lily." The first society girl who appeared on the stage when seen under the Bancrofts in 1881. Her second husband was Sir Hugo de Bathe.

Marie Studholme, closely associated with Daly's and the Gaiety Theatre, was a popular figure in musical comedy in the 'nineties.

May Yohé, a big success in "Little Christopher Columbus," produced in 1893. Her first husband, Lord Francis Hope, was a brother of the Duke of Newcastle.

The Countess of Warwick, daughter of Sir William Eden, Bt., one of the great beauties of Victorian and Edwardian times.

Camille Clifford, "the Gibson Girl." Danish by birth; started her stage career as a chorus girl in New York. She married, firstly, the Hon. Lyndhurst Henry Bruce, and, secondly, Captain J. M. J. Evans, M.C. Chicken-farming is her hobby.

Rosie Boote, a popular musical-comedy actress, who deserted a stage career on her marriage with the Marquess of Headfort in 1901. Their home is in Ireland.

A FEW BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN MODERN SOCIETY

MISS MARGARET WIGHAM.
The beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hay Wigham. She was among those who were presented at Court last year.

LADY DIANA COOPER.
The wife of Mr. A. Duff Cooper and the sister of the Duke of Rutland. She has taken the part of the Madonna in "The Miracle."

LADY DUNN.
The wife of the well-known banker, Sir James Dunn, of Norwich House, Norfolk Street, Park Lane. She married Sir James in 1926.

THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON.
The charming society woman who has interested herself in various business activities. She is the daughter-in-law of Lord Grantley.

COUNTESS HOWE.
The attractive wife of Earl Howe, who is equally well known in the worlds of politics and motoring.

Y: DO THEY EXCEL THE FORMER GENERATION?

PRINCESS VON BISMARCK.
... wife of Prince Otto von Bismarck, Secretary ... German Embassy in London, who presented husband with a son a short time ago.

MRS. RONALD ARMSTRONG-JONES.
The wife of Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, only son of Sir Robert and Lady Armstrong-Jones. She is the sister of Mr. Oliver Messel.

THE HON. MRS. JAMES BECK.
The beautiful only sister of Lord Glenconner of Innerleithen. She was married to Mr. James Montgomery Beck in 1928.

MRS. RONALD BALFOUR.
Before her marriage she was Miss Diedre Hart-Davis, and is one of the most beautiful younger women in society.

LADY MILBANKE.
The beautiful wife of Sir John Milbanke. She is one of the most prominent members of the younger set.

FOUR OF OUR PRETTIEST ACTRESSES OF TO-DAY.

EVELYN LAYE.
Whose fair hair and beautiful complexion greatly enhance her essentially English type of beauty. Her Hollywood venture proved that she films excellently.

DOROTHY DICKSON.
Another English actress whose blonde beauty is of outstanding note. At present she is playing in "Wonder Bar," at the Savoy Theatre.

MADELEINE CARROLL.
One of the most beautiful girls of the day, who is equally well known on the stage and on the screen. She is often described as the "modern Lady Hamilton."

FAY COMPTON.
Her lovely auburn-red hair and somewhat sad expression lend to her an appearance as striking as it is unusual, equally beautiful on stage, screen, and in real life.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

MEN TALK TOO MUCH

By CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

THE General Manager's slogan was, "We are all one large happy family." They were not large. They were not happy. They were not one family.

Every six months they had an informal board meeting. A cluster of twelve men, faintly mistrustful of each other, definitely on the defensive, protectively glazed and glossed with the determined, passing geniality of the golf course and the card room, the annual fortnight's pleasure cruise.

Eight of the directors worked in the same office and saw each other every day. The others drifted in from nearby offices

At the back of their mind lurked, as uneasily as a long past juvenile party maternal admonition, the equally uneasy present motto of the Managing Director—"We are all one large happy family." It evoked a self-conscious attitude, precariously and miserably maintained every six months.

At the later annual general meeting, in the imposing hall they always hired, seated before their satisfied shareholders, they became large, juicy, ponderous business men; each distinct and separate in its smart little black business suit, an entity manfully supporting a masculine head full of tremendously potent figures, and gloriously, secretly pregnant with commercial possibilities.

When they looked down at the shifting sea of shareholders' faces and shoulders these twelve men felt themselves to be staunch, solid, immovable and important as lighthouses. Whereas, at these nervously dreaded, half-annual informal meetings they felt without ballast and strangely immature.

It was the note of informality so strongly insisted on, that "one large happy family" touch, that did them in.

When men desire to be boyishly informal and full of zest and youth together they invariably discuss sport or women and tell stories. Nice grubby little stories that, if possible, exalt the sport in question and score off women in general with the same meaty little double meaning.

The striking of this informal business note is known as "getting together" without "getting down to it." It is very difficult, and always a bit lowering to adult masculine morale, but quite frequently practised by those with small, sound businesses and faint, sentimental Rotarian leanings.

THIS story of the fall and rise of Beryl Mannheim Trueberry would never have been written if, on the morning of the informal, friendly, half-yearly meeting of the directors of the Kwickeesi Furniture Polish Co., one director, Harvey John Moss, had not felt under the weather and over age.

For some time he had been uneasily affected by the growing conviction that he was surrounded by an ever-increasing number of juniors. This idea frequently attacks a man at a certain age, and is invariably accurate.

It flustered Harvey John Moss; and when he flustered he talked like an old apple woman and gave his embarrassment escape that way. Lots of men do.

It was unfortunate that at the moment when he was feeling most alien from his surroundings the innocent Beryl Mannheim Trueberry, the only woman working in the office, should enter with quite masterly unostentation and a lot of clean blotting-paper.

The roving, nervous eye of Harvey John Moss fell on her.

He said to the Managing Director, "That's a nice bit."

Eleven directors heard him and clutched at this passing bauble of bright boyishness as an easy means of escape from board-room formality.

"Pretty figure," said one.

"A good little thing," said the Managing Director in the true, passionately maintained "happy family" tradition.

He spoke as one who pats the head of his youngest, and it inexplicably rattled Harvey John Moss. He had never in his life felt *less* like a member of "one large happy family." He resented that, and he resented everything. So he let out one sharp, short hoot.

"Good? That's rich!"

"Nice girl," said the Managing Director, glancing round the table.

"That's not good," said Harvey John Moss, slightly truculent. "That's just nice. When I was down at Brighton six weeks ago, the missus and I, we stayed at an hotel. When she came in just now I recognised her at once as the same girl who——"

"Who was she with?" said one of the directors.

In a minute they would be sharply aware of the slight indecency of their attitude, like a lot of little boys clustering round another little boy with a new story in the recreation hour in the playground, thoroughly enjoying it and yet half furtive. In another moment they would be restored to their own dignity and aloof from Harvey John Moss, and slightly repudiate him; but at the moment they were interested and intrigued and nearer being "one large happy family" than they had probably ever been in the history of the concern.

Harvey John Moss relished his temporary power exceedingly. He savoured it very much.

The fact was that he had *never* seen Beryl Mannheim Trueberry in an hotel in his life!

"Did you know the man she was with, Moss?"

He could not resist the one bright embellishment needed.

"Did I know the man! You should ask me that, you lot here! Did I know the man! That's rich."

He covered his mouth with a pudgy hand and stifled chortles and guffaws came from behind it like electric sparks.

"Well, come across!" said Barker, a blunt Yorkshireman. "Spit it out."

"What, come across here! Here?"

"Was it one of us?" said Brown.

"Was it one of you? Was it one of you? I should say it *was* one of you. Well, I don't blame you. She's a nice little bit of goods."

Illustrated by GORDON JACKSON

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Johnson, the youngest of the directors, and the richest man in the room, unmarried, spoke curtly. He had an idea that when women's names were mentioned by other men pukka sahibs did speak curtly, and he had an immovable conviction that he was the original Public School Pukka Sahib. Therefore he spoke a trifle sternly:

"Well, we are rather wasting time, aren't we? Let's get down to business."

When he sat down Harvey John Moss's heart was beating rather heavily. He had created an effect. He had been a bit of a dirty dog. He had set them all thinking. These were good, bright, boyish qualities that made a man popular. It would have been a bit awkward if they had pressed him for the name of the man who squired Beryl Mannheim Trueberry on her grubby little excursion at Brighton. Still, he had left it so as it might be any one of them.

The heavy plum colour receded gradually from his face and he breathed more normally.

As he was going he said, "Look here, boys! Not a word about the little lady next door. After all, perhaps it was unwise."

They assured him in a cluster, with genial male elemental animal noises, of their complete integrity and their abysmal and eternal silence.

"It is almost impossible to believe," said the youngest and richest director who held the biggest holding.

"Still waters run deep, my boy," said Harvey John Moss, winking.

He felt he had been successfully profound and baffling in one phrase.

BERYL MANNHEIM TRUEBERRY, who was as transparent as a glass of London drinking water and quite as pure, became for the eight directors of the Kwickeesi Furniture Polish Company as enigmatical as the riddle of the sands.

She was like an unopened box unexpectedly discovered by a crowd of schoolboys on the eve of Christmas. Their thoughts perpetually hovered round her and tinkered with her emotional possibilities.

To her personally they were suddenly bewilderingly brotherly. They were inexplicably fatherly. They were meaninglessly jocular. They were surprisingly confidential. They were apparently forthcoming. They hinted at wide outlooks and yet wider horizons. They showed in conversation a vast, vague, bland toleration that entirely perplexed, bewildered and befuddled the poor girl, as well as slightly shocking her.

And eight men wondered which of the eight or twelve it had been! And why? And how?

Sometimes, when they met each other unexpectedly in the corridor, or opened the doors of each other's offices and saw a hitherto commonplace figure crouched over the desk, they felt a sense of strangeness. They thought they knew each other so well.

But for the boyish innocence of one Harvey John Moss, who had suddenly and inexplicably kicked at feeling elderly, bald and patriarchal among an ever-increasing crowd of juniors, that perfectly ordinary suburban female, Beryl Mannheim Trueberry, would have grown old and grey practically unnoticed in their service.

Harvey John Moss had shed a surprising gleam of light on her, and, quite unconscious of it, she remained firmly fixed in it under constant observation.

You cannot, if you are a woman yet under ninety, have eight males even mildly interested in you without it having an instant sartorial effect.

Beryl Mannheim Trueberry, who had never contemplated such a thing before, found herself at the end of six weeks firmly attached by every hair of her head to a permanent wave machine.

The wavy hair seemed in some way to loosen up her face. It became more approachable.

The youngest director, who was also the largest holder, approached it in the Pukka Sahib way. That is, first across the tea-table in a tea-shop on a Saturday afternoon after a matinée; and then across a supper-table after a show, with his married sister and her husband, a nice little party of four.

For this festive occasion Beryl Mannheim Trueberry bought a frock in a colour she never thought she could wear. That is always significant in feminine psychology.

Sometimes (thus keeping the fires flickering) one director said to another in the blameless white privacy of the lavatory washing their hands, "By jove! I should like to know what Moss was getting at." Or, "Dirty dog, Moss! Got a mind like a dirt track. I'd like to know what he was getting at, all the same."

They were a bit proud and up-stage about it, but absolutely full of it, like little boys who had been put on their honour not to repeat a thing.

Two of them dropped the hint to their wives that a girl they had working in the office was lonely, hadn't many friends in London, and they were afraid of her making undesirable acquaintances. If there is one thing a woman likes more than another it is saving any woman from undesirable acquaintances. It is such a lovely, romantic, elastic term.

No married woman has ever really seen an undesirable acquaintance. They are a sort of Flying Dutchman of the social seas, snooping around in evening dress and a good cigar. Women love salvaging other women from them.

Greatly to her astonishment Beryl Mannheim Trueberry found herself asked out to quite nice houses at Beckenham, Ealing and Walton-on-Thames. Here her deportment was excellent and she was discovered to have great charm of manner.

At these houses she met the one unmarried director, that

"In a minute they would be sharply aware of the slight indecency of their attitude"

Pukka Sahib Marshal Johnson. Marshal Johnson was the kind of amateur uncle that went mad annually in Hamleys at Christmas. He was popular with all the other directors' wives and children.

Their social salvaging was a bit vague but quite wholehearted. It is a common fact (and who shall say he little knows of England who only Kipling knows) that one doesn't question a woman about her past when you are proposing to land her with a future.

Yet the past of Beryl Mannheim Trueberry itched violently in the mind of that Pukka Sahib, Marshal Johnson.

They were busy discussing the place to go for their honeymoon one day.

"Why not Brighton?" he said with elephant cunning.

"I loathe Brighton," said Beryl.

"Have you ever been there?"

"No," she said.

"Then why do you loathe Brighton?"

"But one does loathe Brighton if one's never been there."

It occurred to the Pukka Sahib, who was genuinely in love, that if a girl has a right to her past the man has a right to peep at it, since he is certainly buying it on spec.

ON the eve of the second informal half annual meeting of the Kwickeesi Furniture Polish Company he found himself, rather unexpectedly, breasting a wave of emotion and proposing to Beryl Mannheim Trueberry.

To say that Beryl Mannheim Trueberry was thrown off her balance is to express it lightly.

Up to the time of asking, so to speak, she had no prospects but a bed-sitting room in a woman's hostel, and a widowed mother who offered a bedroom at home.

For six months such a gentlemanly, brotherly, benign, incurious but determined onslaught on her sex appeal had been made that she had been forced to develop the thing.

She now used lip stick and mascara, and looked so exactly like every other woman that she had a right to believe herself the original old Eternal Feminine; which is perhaps the psychological reason for the face uniform of to-day.

All that evening, sitting in the theatre in the new mental turmoil of a future husband, clutching each other's hands with nerve lightning playing up and down their arms, the Pukka Sahib longed and thirsted for the secret saga of Brighton—but remained a Pukka Sahib.

Next morning he went into the bright, breezy, boyish informality of the semi-annual directors' meeting. It was to be run on the usual half-jocular note of "big happy family" and mutual congratulations on a good half year.

The cards for "happy family" were already stacked.

The richest and youngest director, and the holder of the majority shares, was a bit inflated and elated by emotion, a sleepless night and a bad headache.

He was in that mood when, if he had suddenly stripped off his black coat and pin stripe and revealed shining armour instead of underwear, he would have been not a whit surprised. He had the consciousness of armour without the discomfort of it.

He had that Henry of Navarre look in his eye.

He would have liked to have taken Harvey John Moss into a corner and pummelled him good and plenty, but this was merely a modern manifestation of an ancient chivalry.

He struck the happy, informal note like a gong.

"GENTLEMEN," he said, "before we settle down to the serious business of the day I have a little news for you. I am engaged to our little secretary, Beryl Mannheim Trueberry, and we are to be married in the autumn."

The seven directors made prize-giving noises. They rose and hit specks of dust out of the back of his coat, which went dancing away in the thin London sunlight.

The Managing Director, instantly benign and patriarchal, in the key of the moment said, "We shall miss our charming and efficient little co-worker."

It was unfortunate that at this moment Harvey John Moss's face should have continued to say, "Brighton! Brighton! Brighton!" like a radio that has been shut off in the middle of a chorus. It was also regrettable that the young Lochinvar, the holder of the majority shares, should have wanted to fight somebody about something, and that through his Pukka Sahib brain should have flickered such telling captions as, "Pure as the unsullied snow," "A Maiden's Honour," "He trounced her traducers," etc.

He wanted to do doughty deeds, but he did not know quite on whom to begin them, which is what so often happens in modern life.

He went on burning brightly and silently while they discussed informally things pertaining to the business.

Their whole attitude to him was, "You are a lucky dog!"

Suddenly the Managing Director said, "We've not got the Allardice report in. It isn't here. Miss Trueberry must have forgotten it. It is the first time I remember her forgetting anything."

"Quite excusable," said Brown, another director.

"I will ring for it," said the Managing Director.

"No," said another. "Let Marshal Johnson fetch it."

"That's the stuff," said another.

It grew more brightly informal at every moment.

Marshal Johnson got up and went to Beryl Mannheim Trueberry's office. By the time he reached there he was breathing heavily and looked exactly like a man who is going to take the guilt of his mother's forged cheque and shoot his wife's lover on the same film.

"Have you ever been to Brighton?" he said unexpectedly.

By Starr Wood

"How much is this and that?"
"Which and what?"
"These and those, and them and it!"

"Brighton?" said Beryl Mannheim Trueberry. "I've never been near the place in my life!"

"On your word of honour, Beryl?"

"Certainly," said Beryl. "Are you mad, Marshal?"

"Never been to Brighton!"

"Never," said Beryl. "Why should I go to Brighton, anyway?" Strangely enough he felt that she had let him down, and she had let herself down, which was so extraordinary!

It might have been what he wanted to hear, but it was not what he expected to hear. At any rate his mind registered a distinct and sharp disillusionment.

It was true that Beryl's simple statement pinned the white flower of her blameless life on him, and practically forced him to fight for it. As a matter of fact he much preferred the rôle of vanquisher, where others had failed.

It is a current male belief, of which he was very well aware, that only those who have strayed from the straight and narrow way are really worth pursuing.

He looked at his restored Beryl a trifle angrily. A minute before he had burned and blistered with the desire to vindicate her, to lie for her if need be. He quite disliked the removal of the necessity.

"Oh, well!" he said vaguely. "I thought everybody went to Brighton."

"That is why I never did," said his Beryl a trifle tartly, as she gave him the required report.

As he walked the short distance back to the board room his swift, human mind manufactured a dozen preliminary sentences. The best was:

"It may interest you, gentlemen, to know that my future wife has never been to Brighton in her life."

He stopped at the door.

He still felt that Beryl had unaccountably let him down. She had also momentarily decreased in desirability. A flower that has been waiting for you to pluck it is not really to be compared with one you have had to race and outstrip a dozen other competitors to secure—not in the sight of the average man, anyway. Most men prefer the flower that blooms and blushes very much seen.

Beryl had not even wasted her sweetness in the seaside air.

He felt distinctly annoyed with Beryl.

He heard Brown say, "I suppose we know who it was at Brighton now, Moss? What!"

Moss made a noise like a statement in his throat.

"Good old Johnson! You can't beat those quiet chaps. They're the very devil when they get going. Good luck to them!"

"I don't blame him," said another. "He's picked a winner. I wouldn't have minded his chances."

The Managing Director said, "Well, I'm a broad-minded man myself. Times have changed. I don't know, if I were starting again, if I wouldn't . . ."

"I'll bet they settle down A1," said the Yorkshireman.

The Pukka Sahib struggled with himself for a minute outside. He liked—indeed, he savoured enormously—the picture of him they were building inside that room. Seven safely married men busy speculating about him, envying him Beryl, admiring him and his cuteness and his quietness and his boldness.

It was a picture he was very proud of. It was the best picture of a Pukka Sahib he had ever known.

As for Beryl, well, she *ought* to have gone to Brighton, or, if she hadn't gone to Brighton, then she ought to have let him go on thinking she *had* gone to Brighton!

Anyway, it was no business of his. He was a Pukka Sahib. A Pukka Sahib went roystering at Brighton or any other old place; he was an adventurer and an experimentalist, but always chivalrous and tender where women were concerned. He married them if humanly possible. Well, very fortunately for himself and Beryl and everybody else concerned, it had been humanly possible in this case.

Someone hummed a wedding march as he entered.

The General Manager said, "Thanks, Johnson. Here's the report, gentlemen. We don't often forget things, do we? But this is a special occasion."

The Pukka Sahib looked them fair and square in the eyes, with his jaws thrust out. It was the brightest and best moment in all his Pukka Sahib career.

Trying to look as much like Ronald Colman as possible, he said, "*Gentlemen* can afford to forget things, and only *gentlemen* can."

The seven directors made reassuring mum oyster noises in their throats.

C. J.-S.

"THE MAID of the MOUNTAINS" SUCCESSFULLY REVIVED

That charming musical play, "The Maid of the Mountains," recently revived at the Hippodrome, is proving that its popularity is by no means exhausted after its record run which followed its production in the war days of 1917. In the upper photograph some of the brigands are seen busily plotting in their mountain lair, and inset is seen Anne Croft, who proves so worthy a successor to José Collins in the part of "Teresa"

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

FILM NOTES

CYRIL MAUDE —BUT NOT MAUDLIN

By Lionel Collier

I DO not like to think how long ago it was when I first saw Cyril Maude in "Grumpy"—that delightful character study of an old criminal lawyer which, besides being excellent comedy, has an ingenious crime detection interest. Anyway, it is one of those plays that has remained fixed in my memory, and it was with mixed feelings that I went to see the talkie version at the Plaza.

Would the picturisation be but a feeble shadow of the original?

As a matter of fact, I need have had no trepidation, because George Cukor and Cyril Gardner, the directors, have done both the play and the actor full justice. Cyril Maude comes over remarkably well, and since he is the focal point of the picture one can forget the very evident weakness of the juvenile lead, Phillips Holmes, and the American accent of Frances Dade. Cyril Maude dominates the whole thing; his voice comes over clearly and effectually, while his acting is carefully altered to conform to the new medium in which he finds himself. He has not, what so many stage artists have when recording for the screen, the exaggerated gesture which is essential for the stage, nor the trick of looking at the camera—in other words, appealing to the "gods."

Gustav Fröhlich, the popular German actor, who made such a success in "The Immortal Vagabond," in a scene from "Barcarole," an adaptation of "The Tales of Hoffmann," the English version of which will be seen here shortly

Grumpy relaxes somewhat under the admonition of his niece, Frances Dade. In the background is Holmes Phillips, as her favoured suitor. A scene from "Grumpy," at the Plaza

Cyril Maude in a characteristic pose as Grumpy, in a film of the same name, now at the Plaza, a part which he has made world famous on the stage

IN a word, it is a well-balanced film which allows for movement, ond is in no sense a photographed version of the stage success. Paul Cavanagh deserves praise for his rendering of the villain, and Paul Lukas again shines in the entirely subsidiary rôle of a receiver of stolen goods. Another English actor, Olaf Hytten, who was well known on the silent screen, makes a reappearance as a valet. In fact, one begins to wonder whether Hollywood will not, one of these days, be entirely Anglicised—at least, so far as the male artists are concerned.

NOT nearly so happy is John Francis Dillon's production of the stage success, "Kismet," which, as I intimated last week, has taken the place of "Viennese Nights" at the Leicester Square Theatre. It was made some years ago as a silent film, and was very successful; but the talkie version shows up all its staginess and makes one realise how essentially of the theatre it is. The screen has to deal with spectacle as well as dialogue, and the combined effect becomes definitely boring, in spite of the acting of Otis Skinner as the beggar, Hajj, whose adventures with the Caliph and his old enemy form the basis of Knoblock's fantastic plot.

I FOUND the spectacular scenes tawdry and unconvincing. This was in a great measure due to the fact that none of the American actors could speak their archaic English lines with a sense of conviction, with the exception of Otis Skinner and Edmund Breese as his enemy Jawan. They always gave the impression that they were in fancy dress clothes.

Edmund Willard (left), as the mate of the lighthouse, taxes the captain's wife (Fay Compton) with carrying on an intrigue with the man he saved from the sea (Ian Hunter). A scene from the British picture, "Cape Forlorn," produced by A. E. Dupont

INEVITABLY one recalls the performance given on the stage by Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, beside whom Otis Skinner and Loretta Young are but pale shadows. One can only come again to the old conclusion that because a play happens to be a stage success there is no reason why it should make a successful talkie. Indeed, the reverse is very often the case, especially when the pictorial scope of the screen is superadded to what is definitely planned for the theatre.

FOLLOWING her success in her first talkie, Gloria Swanson's second, "What a Widow!" at the New Gallery, comes as a disappointment to her admirers. While she certainly makes an attractive widow who goes to Paris to see life and ends up by marrying her serious-minded lawyer, Jerry, she is too exuberant in her comedy and much more fitted to a serious rôle, such as she had in "The Trespasser." Although Alan Dwan has presented the farce on an elaborate scale he has failed to provide good entertainment. The reason is not far to seek. The story is lacking in plot essentials, and while some of the situations are amusing they are over-vulgarised and far too infrequent.

WHY will British studios insist on turning out stuff of such sordid design as "Cape Forlorn," E. A. Dupont's new picture for British International, which is now at the Regal? Admittedly, Dupont is a German director, but one would have thought that he could have been given better material for his undoubted talent than this old, trite stuff about sex starvation, murder, and morbid meanderings.

The captain's wife (Fay Compton) and her lover, who has absconded with the funds of a building society (Ian Hunter), in a tense scene from "Cape Forlorn." Among others in the cast are Frank Harvey, who wrote the original stage version, and Donald Calthrop

FAY COMPTON, while to my mind being very badly served by the camera, acts excellently in the very unthankful part of a woman married to a lighthouse keeper, who goes wrong with his mate, and then, having fallen for an attractive stranger who has been rescued from a wreck, shoots the mate.

IT is a pity, because the acting generally is very good, and while the director is very weak in his continuity he has used his camera brilliantly to obtain the atmosphere of the lighthouse and the environment in which four men and a woman work out their sexual inclinations. The best acting comes, I think, from Edmund Willard as the keeper's mate, but Ian Hunter is good as the stranger, and Frank Harvey dignified and natural as the woman's husband.

Gloria Swanson in her new production, "What a Widow!" at the New Gallery. This film depicts her adventures as a widow, who, after years of boredom, decided to see life in Paris—after which she was neither bored nor a widow!

AN ESCAPE in Edgar Wallace's New Thriller

Stage Photo Co.

Two incidents from "Smoky Cell," Edgar Wallace's American crook play now running at Wyndham's Theatre. The thriller, which includes no women in the cast, tells the story of the battle waged between the police and a gang of blackmailing crooks led by one Ben Guinney, admirably played by Bernard Nedell. The upper photograph shows Benny sliding down a rope outside the prison after his escape from the "smoky cell," or execution-room, and in the lower his gang, led by an ex-police lieutenant (Percy Parsons), is helping him to don police disguise prior to making his getaway

PARIS GOSSIP

CONCERNING PRESIDENTS AND POETS

By Sylvia Lyon

MM. Chéron (top), Bouisson, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and Clementel. Three "possibles" for the next Presidency of France

A CURRENT, or rather perpetual, question is, Who will be the next President of France? The choice is between Paul Doumer, the President of the Senate, who was such a bitter adversary of Poincaré in 1913; Ferdinand Bouisson, the President of the Chamber of Deputies and strong Socialist, but whose party affiliations will probably keep him out of the Elysées. His election would be exceedingly welcome to artists, at least, as his wife has a marvellous collection of modern paintings, including some of the finest Renoirs in existence, and is one of the few wives of politicians who knows how to receive; Flandin, the President of the Aero Club, and, of course, Briand, and the only thing to stop *him* from becoming President is if he does not want to be.

PEOPLE asked why Joffre had been made a member of the Académie. The general answer was that he had been of too great service to France not to be admitted, and, technically, because the Académie being what it is, Joffre had written a treatise on the siege of Timbuctoo. However, the Marshal was soon put to work as military adviser in the compilation of the Academy's dictionary. One day at a session of the Forty Immortals, the word "defeatisme" came up for consideration. "That is not a French word," said Joffre, "it does not exist."

WHEN I happened one day to comment to a friend upon the over-public activities of a certain diplomat in Paris, he asked, "Tell me. Is there a British Ambassador in Paris? I don't believe there is one. He never has his picture in the paper!"

THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR'S BRIDE

Donna Diana Theodoli Piercy, whose marriage to the Italian Ambassador, His Excellency Antonio Chiaramonte Bordonaro, took place in Rome on January 15

Which, I believe, is the most sensible and satirical question of the week, with one up for Lord Tyrrell. I am glad that I heard one sensible question, I heard three such foolish ones: "Who," asked a frequent visitor to Paris, "is this Honourable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes?" Just to tease her I answered "Her mother was a singer." And I could see a mute question on my annoyed interlocutor's face asking: "Where did she sing?" "Who," asked the editor of an American publication in Paris, "is this Comtesse de Noailles?" "A poet," I answered, "la Comtesse Nationale." And if I added that Premier Steeg is so worried over his status that he has given the cravat of the Legion d'Honneur to the Comtesse de Noailles, so great is her influence and so great does Steeg need it at the present moment, I would have only angered the editor. So I did not even tell him that this Comtesse de Noailles had nothing to do with the *L'Age d'Or* film scandal, and that the Vicomte Charles de Noailles, who was responsible for the film, was quietly asked by the Duc de Doudeauville to resign from the Jockey Club.

I HAPPENED to meet Edith Sitwell the other day on her way to a tea-party she didn't want to go to. I was trying to get out of a party, too, but my cold wasn't quite bad enough, and what sense is there in having a cold that can do you no good? However, I asked Edith Sitwell, who to my mind looks like Dante would have looked had he been a woman, what she was writing. "I have to write a book on Shelley," she said, "and there is nothing new to be said about Shelley except that he is bad."

THE next time I saw Miss Sitwell was at a reading of her poems given at "Shakespeare and Company," the book shop of Sylvia Beach, the publisher of Joyce's "Ulysses." This time it was Edith Sitwell's turn to have a cold, and she was really too amusing about it, apologising to her audience by saying, "I am not chewing gum. I am taking a lozenge for my cold.' And much as I enjoyed hearing her read her own beautiful poems, I was rather terrified by this literary soirée, what with seeing James Joyce there, to say nothing of Gertrude Stein. I thought of Gertrude Stein's Cubist poem that begins: "I found an acorn green on the end—no in the middle," and started to

Two more favourites for the French Presidency. M. Briand, seen above, and, below, M. Paul Doumer, the President of the Senate

Impressions of three famous poets in Paris. They are James Joyce, Edith Sitwell and Gertrude Stein

"The stamp fair still goes on farther up the Avenue Gabriel every Thursday"

laugh. And then, trying to be serious, I thought, well, after all, Gertrude Stein is quite a poet even if she does wear such a funny hat; and her brother, Leo Stein, has one of the greatest collections of modern art in Paris, and is the man who discovered Matisse. But unfortunately I thought of the joke about the man who goes into a dentist's office and says, "Doctor Matisse hurt."

S

THE young Comtesse de Noailles, daughter-in-law of La Comtesse Nationale, was there, and Madame Ghyka, née Eileen O'Connor, one of the most attractive women in Paris, who is, I believe, a niece of Sir Esmé Howard, and whose husband is Naval Attaché at the Roumanian Legation. Also there was Edmond Jaloux, one of the most important of the French critics, but who writes his critiques in Geneva; Arthur Wigram, of the British Embassy, and Louis Gillet, the bearded editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (a magazine, by the way, that never heard of two worlds, not even a demi-monde, but which more or less controls the Académie Française, because René Doumic, the review's publisher, is President of the Académie).

S

STRANGE coincidences: General Berthélot's illness and amputation of one leg the day before Joffre died. The death of Jean Borlin, the star of the Ballet Suedois, and the death of Nilsson Fysher. . . The rumour having flown around town, that is from bar to bar, which has little to do with Paris, that "a famous cabaret owner has died," journalists jumped to the conclusion that a famous cabaret owner must be Joe Zelli, whereas anybody with any sense would know that the one cabaret of Parisian life was Chez Fysher. . . The announcement of the engagement of Clemenceau's grandson Pierre to Mademoiselle Terka Gross, the great-granddaughter of Sarah Bernhardt, and how strange that the descendants of two people of such importance should be so relatively unimportant. However, I have heard one story about Pierre Clemenceau. It seems that when the "Tiger" was but a Communist deputy from Fontenay-le-Comte his little grandson hid in the sub-prefect's box during an electoral meeting. A Royalist deputy was flinging abuse at Clemenceau when the boy, who was then about five years old, jumped forward and shouted to the Royalist: "Look out, down there! You are speaking about my grandfather."

S

A BOMB having exploded in the window of the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs, I am sure that it was far from a communist threat. It was either the protest of a lover of the stage or an architect. . . Which acute thought reminds me of the story about Harry Thaw, the murderer of Stanford White, the great American architect. Thaw was in Hollywood when the Egyptian Theatre was opened. He looked around at the latest cinema edifice and remarked, "I shot the wrong architect."

S

IN all seriousness, the lower end of the Avenue Gabriel is beginning to look like Deauville, not Paris. The Ambassadeurs is tout à fait casino, and across the street the new home of the Cercle de l'Union is not only American set-back in style, but a set-back to French civilisation. But there is hope for the old world, for the stamp-fair still goes on farther up the Avenue Gabriel every Thursday, when there is no school and old men in their second childhood seek stamps commemorating the Fall of Cécile Sorel and the Foundation of the American Colony. S. L.

Keystone

M. Pierre Clemenceau, the grandson of the famous "Tiger," with his fiancée, Mlle. Terka Gross, the great-granddaughter of Sarah Bernhardt. They are busy flat-hunting in Paris

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE WAR AND ALL THAT — By Ralph Straus

THE War books have been drowned in their own blood and mud, but it seems that the novelists are far from being finished with the poor flapper of those days, who, we are told, found it so difficult not to become as hard as a flint. She worked like a slave or she didn't work, but sooner or later she was bound to harden. She drank or she didn't drink, but the time would come when she had "ceased to care." She married or she hadn't time to marry, but the result was much the same. If that fatal War Office telegram came, she would immediately harden. If it didn't come—well, ten to one there would be a divorce, and she would harden while it was being arranged. There must have been a kind of mental arterio-sclerosis stalking through the land at that time.

I HAVE just read two new novels, both of which are concerned with this hardening process. One of these is *Heydey!* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Anthony Gibbs, and the other is *All That For Nothing* (Werner Laurie: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Rena Lady Terrington. Mr. Gibbs's story is written in a lively way, and at times runs off along an agreeably irregular path of its own. Lady Terrington relies upon a fairly accurate memory, but, unfortunately, does not know how to write well.

MR. GIBBS begins his story in 1900, at which date, I imagine, he was not in a position to take a very intelligent interest in his surroundings. At any rate, there seem to be one or two small mistakes in his picture of the time, and small mistakes are apt to irritate. Also, your first introduction to Mr. Cuthbert Marshall, who has married a Gaiety Girl, is not wholly convincing. Cuthbert turns out later on to be the best of good fellows, but when we meet him first, waiting for his wife to give birth to a child, he certainly does not suggest a man who had once held a commission in the Guards. The streak of vulgarity seems curiously out of place.

NO matter; he soon improves, particularly after his wife has left him and his £700 a year and their daughter Anne to return to the stage. He brings up the child more or less by himself, and on the Riviera, where living used to be cheap, the two of them pal up in the most delightful way. The tiny Anne is a dear. So is the young Anne of seventeen, even if she is a little old for her years. But then the War comes, and the Marshalls return to a London which Cuthbert can hardly recognise, and Anne proceeds to make friends of her own, and—hardens.

IN her case the process is held up for some time, for the young man she loves is not in khaki. He is not a coward, but he does not "believe in" War. And Anne understands. She does not want him to go. Yet even he finds it difficult to stay at home, and finally goes to France to carry out the most thankless of all War-time jobs, and is reported missing—believed killed. And immediately Anne marries the airman V.C. who is in love with her—sure sign of incipient hardness. The marriage is not a success. The airman crashes, and for a while his brain is affected. In due course he demands his rights, and Anne is in no mood to grant them, for by this time she has hardened very considerably indeed. In the end history repeats itself, and you see her on the Riviera again, alone with her son. Old Cuthbert has died, and her husband has remained on in England, and we are left in some doubt as to when, if ever, she will soften.

IT is not at all a bad book. This is the kind of thing, you feel, that was happening in hundreds of homes during those years of tension. Moreover, once we have left 1900 safely behind, the portraits are exceedingly good. In particular that of Gallop the airman, who marries Anne, the Ace who really enjoys every hour of the War until his crash, is a masterly piece of work. Yet I do not feel that this is a novel which Mr. Gibbs felt compelled to write. Too much of it seems to have been written so many times before.

Sasha

LADY TERRINGTON

Whose novel, "All That For Nothing," just published by T. Werner Laurie, is reviewed in this week's "Bystander." She is a working journalist and reporter

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued

IN *All That for Nothing* there is a succession of young men in khaki, and it is a little difficult to remember which is which, and, in addition, the three flappers, who at the beginning of the story are school friends. It is Nancy, the girl who works hard (until she is too hard herself) whose story fills most of the book. At the beginning she is as innocent as a babe. Commendably, but not too easily, she retains her virginity until her marriage to Clive, but he is not the right man, and the usual process sets in.

THEN a nice American appears, and Clive and she toss up as to who shall divorce whom. Nancy wins the toss, but Clive fails to play fair, and at quite the wrong moment a solicitor's letter arrives. As a divorcée her position is not quite so good as it was, but even so she might have married her American. Unfortunately she spends, quite innocently, the night in another man's flat, and the American behaves in the best traditions of the Puritanism of the 'fifties. Wisely, no doubt, she suggests to the man of the flat that they had better get married. He agrees, but fails to tell her until he is safely out of the country that he already has a wife and four small daughters in the land of the living. And in the end Nancy is left with nothing at all.

HER two friends are not equally unfortunate. Dorothy, it is true, shoots herself when she hears that her husband has been killed, but Ursula, after an initial mistake, coolly annexes Clive, and presumably lives very happily ever after. And that is about all. There are some interesting and no doubt accurate pictures of the home front, and the inevitable British Major, who is really a German spy. I daresay Lady Terrington's first novel will enjoy a good sale.

LET us leave the War and All That and meet *Mr. Thake Again* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*). I hope that he remains in your memory. He is the elderly and delightful and wealthy ass who for some years past has been writing gorgeous letters to Mr. J. B. Morton, alias "Beachcomber." Now I know that there are people who cannot see the joke of Mr. Thake. Well, I am merely sorry for them. To me this pre-war relic is a thing of sheer beauty and consequently a joy for ever. And in this new book devoted to his activities, we see him as candidate for Parliament, boxing promoter, film producer, and sea-dog. There are unexpected delights to be found in this book, and you will lose some literary pearls if you fail to read the list of new novels at its end.

FINALLY, there is Mr. John Hargrave's new and most fantastic story, *The Imitation Man* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is a pseudo-scientific romance, and I am well aware that this kind of literary fare is by no means to everybody's taste. But I cannot suppose that anybody will be able to read through so diverting an affair without laughing. It is one of the best things of its kind since Wells wrote *The Invisible Man*. Somebody succeeds in making an artificial man. That, I know, has been done many times before in books. But Mr. Hargrave's homunculus is like none of its predecessors,

ANTHONY GIBBS

The author of "Heyday!" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), which is reviewed on the preceding page

J. B. MORTON

Otherwise "Beachcomber" of the "Daily Express." His latest book, "Mr. Thake Again," is published by Chapman & Hall at 7s. 6d.

and if you want to be really entertained you will read how Mr. Chapman gradually built up a personality of his own, and became a millionaire, and finally decided that he ought to get married, and found the resulting excitement too much for him, and—at the most delicate moment—exploded. It is a deliciously whimsical business.

THERE is yet another misfit in Edward Thompson's new novel, *A Farewell to India* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*). The Englishman who loves India to-day wishes to help her, and is no longer wanted. The book appears at the appropriate moment. The newspapers are full of Indian affairs, and who knows anything about her? This novel lifts the veil in a way which I had hardly thought possible. It is the work of a poet who can understand and appreciate both the old John Bullish and the new Nationalist points of view.

IT begins, I admit, not too easily. You have to look for the story, but once you understand what manner of man this Christian missionary in Bengal really is you cannot fail to be fascinated by the sad, but by no means unadventurous, ending to his long stay in India. Propaganda? A little, perhaps; but it is of the right kind. As a rule, books about India bore me; I could not put this one down. R. S.

Codes and Economy

NOWADAYS economy is the watchword of the private and individual and business concern, even if not of Government Departments, and anything which will save our pockets is accorded a hearty welcome by the wise. Major S. W. Beeman, D.S.O., is one of those people who have taken the cry for economy to heart, and has invented and compiled a code for use with radiotelegrams, cables and telegrams which effects a saving of two-thirds the normal cost of messages transmitted. This code, which is known as "Spidercode," differs from all others in that the user is not dependent on stock phrases, but has a vocabulary of over three thousand words, all of which have been carefully selected from a vast number of telegrams, radiotelegrams and cablegrams that have been sent to all parts of the world during the last few years. Thus messages can be written in the chosen words of the writer without a lot of delay in hunting up the code for the nearest approach to what they wish to say, although, in order to effect the utmost economy, a number of specially selected phrases have been embodied at the end of the book of "Spidercode," which is published by Messrs. Allday, Ltd., 128-130, Edmund Street, Birmingham. Messages are written in groups of three words, each word being represented by a code word of three letters. DAM Major Beeman (it's all right, that D A M is only the code word for "congratulating") on his work. We note with some considerable satisfaction that it has chanced by a coincidence that the code word for "taxation" is ROT. Seriously, the book is one of real value.

A SPEED KING AT HOME

Two photographs taken at Captain Malcolm Campbell's home, Povey Cross Farm, near Horley, in Sussex, before his departure for Daytona, where, providing the present ban is lifted, he will attempt to break the existing land speed record established by the late Sir Henry Segrave. If he is unable to drive the "Bluebird" on the beach at Daytona, he may go to New Zealand. In the upper photograph he is seen with his son and daughter exercising his Alsatians in the grounds, and in the lower, Capt. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell are seen in a picturesque corner of the lounge hall at Povey Cross Farm

Photographs *I. B.*

Keystone

The Prince of Wales beside his private 'plane which is accompanying him on his visit to the Argentine. Both he and Prince George are very keen on flying

Central News

OUR FLYING PRINCE

The Prince of Wales in flying kit. He and Prince George flew in his Puss Moth to France last Friday on the start of their trip to the Argentine

OPPORTUNITIES for IMPERIAL ENTERPRISE By Capt. C. E. Ward

On Pegging our Claim

A BRITISH company expects favoured national treatment within the Empire, but some effort must be made to peg the claim, otherwise we have no cause to grumble if a foreigner is more enterprising and gets in first. A case in point has just arisen in the West Indies, where the Governor of Trinidad, Sir Alfred Hollis, has had the pleasure of welcoming a French machine which inaugurated a new air mail service between Port of Spain and Venezuela. A few weeks ago the Postmaster General was pleased to announce that air mail correspondence could be accepted for Jamaica, being transmitted by sea to New York and from there onwards by air via Miami. Transit time from London will be 11 days, this being a saving of three to six days over ordinary post. The air mail profits, of course, go into the pockets of the American operating companies. From the early days of the Bermuda and West Atlantic Aviation Company in 1919, spasmodic efforts have been made by British companies to secure concessions for air services in the West Indies, but unfortunately none of our schemes have got beyond the paper stage. Naturally the French and Americans are subsidised either directly or indirectly by their Governments, and unless we allocate a substantial sum to protect our own interests, the foreigners will become so well established that our claim will be of no value.

Across the Tasman Sea

ANOTHER of these daring ocean flights on a light aeroplane has been accomplished successfully, this time from Australia to New Zealand, the distance being about 1,200 miles. The machine was the Southern Cross "Junior," an Avro Avian Sports with a Gipsy engine that had been used previously by Air Commodore Kingsford Smith for his record breaking flight from England to Australia. Mr. Guy Menzies, the pilot, is well known at the Sidney Aero Club, and having done more than 800 hours' flying, one must assume that he knew the risks he was taking. The flight proves nothing beyond the fact that the pilot could navigate. The Gipsy engine ran without a fault, and the flight being completed in 10½ hours, Kingsford Smith's previous record on the "Southern Cross" père was beaten by two hours. The cost of the complete flight from London to New Zealand on the Avian has worked out at about £50 for petrol and oil, the consumption representing 22 and 1,200 miles to the gallon respectively. Although there are other expenses in flying besides petrol and oil, it is interesting to compare them with the first class steamship passage taking five to six weeks at a cost of more than £100. Incidentally, the first regular air line for passengers in New Zealand is now in operation between Wellington and New Plymouth, using Desoutter monoplanes with Gipsy engines. New Zealand shares with South Africa the reputation of having been a little slow in the uptake as regards civil aviation.

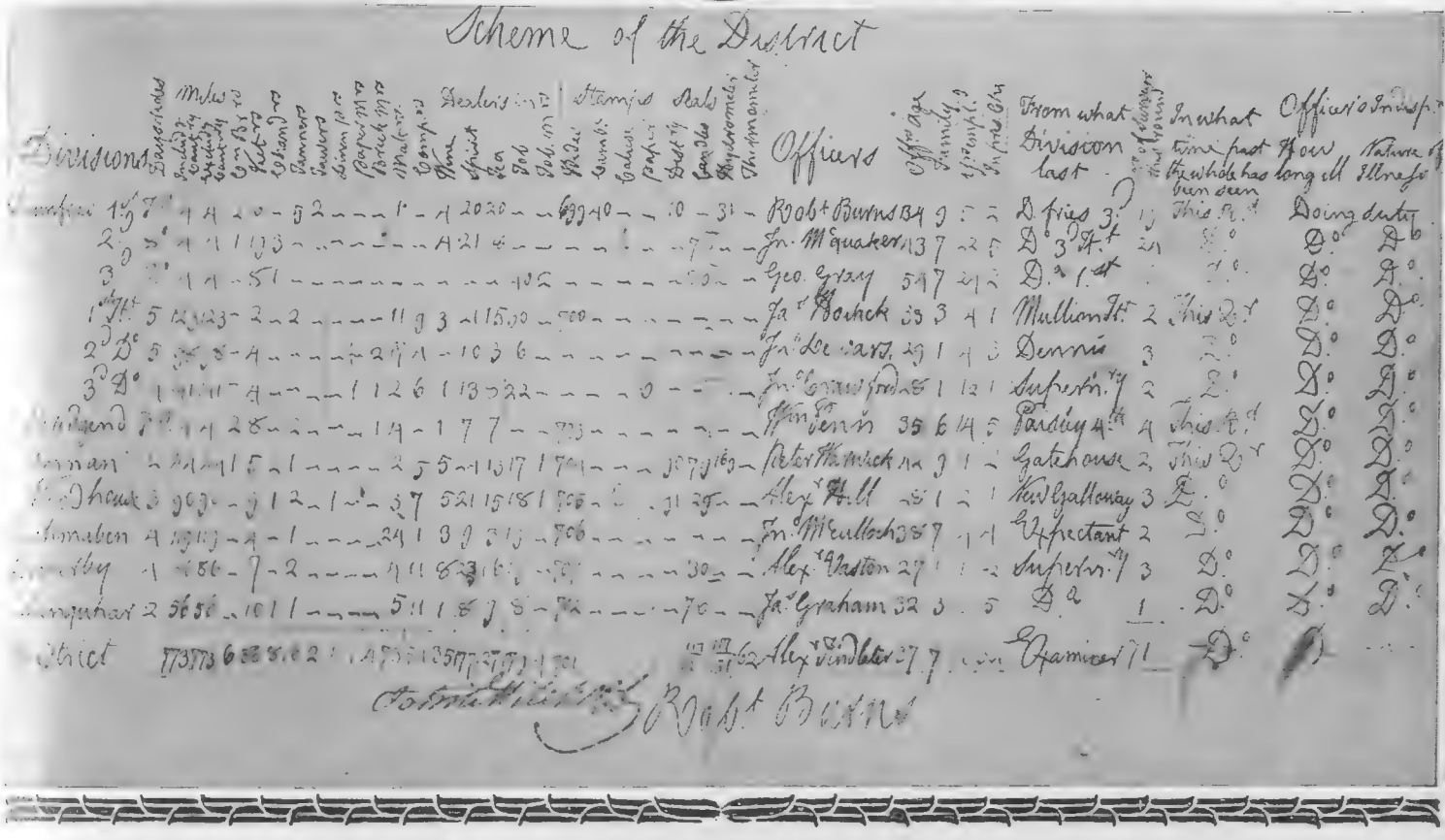
Aerial Mountaineering

FLYING has made mountain climbing seem scarcely worth while, except as an exercise. Considering the weeks of preparation, the patience and endurance required to scale even a modest height of 15,000 feet on foot, it is rather like cheating to take pictures of a peak from an aeroplane on a return flight of less than an hour. The great African mountains of Kilimanjaro and Kenya have been filmed from the air by Mr. Roy Tuckett, flying a Gipsy Moth. In the case of Kilimanjaro, which is nearly 20,000 feet above sea level, he had to wait for nearly two hours at that altitude until the clouds cleared away sufficiently to get the photographs. Even on the Equator the cold is intense and the air extremely thin, so that breathing is difficult and all effort intensified many times; his achievement and that of the machine is therefore a most remarkable one. I would venture a prophecy that Mount Everest will be featured from the air before anyone reaches its summit on foot, though the difficulties are considerable owing to the distance from an aerodrome and the violent storms which guard the roof of the world.

By permission of The National Portrait Gallery

Robt Burns

Born January 25th, 1759 — *Died July 21st, 1796*



IN the archives of John Walker & Sons, Limited, the distillers, of Kilmarnock, rests this page from Robert Burns' Excise Book, and it is here reproduced as of interest to lovers of Scotland's National Poet.

The leaf belongs to the period when Burns—senior on the List of Dumfriesshire Officers—was acting temporarily as "Supervisor"; so the document is signed in two places by Burns; once as an ordinary officer, and once as "Supervisor." The signature "John Mitchell" is that of the "Collector of the District," who was a good friend to Burns and to whom he addressed one of his finest "Epistles," beginning "Friend of the Poet, tried and leal."

MOTOR NOTES

MAKING FOR MONTE CARLO

By E. M. WRIGHT

A RECORD entry has been received for this year's Monte Carlo Rally, which concludes next Sunday. Nearly 150 cars, including 46 of British make, have set off during the past few days from far-distant corners of Europe with Monte Carlo as their goal. But when the competitors check in to-day (January 21) many a familiar figure will be absent, and there will be many a tale of those who have fallen by the wayside. To maintain an average of 25 m.p.h. day and night for hundreds of miles in the dead of winter over snow-covered mountain roads in Norway and Sweden, on the frozen ways of the Baltic States, and on the tracks which pass for roads in the Balkans is an ordeal which might well daunt the hardiest. To run to schedule from John o' Groats to Monte Carlo—a mere 1,800 miles—is no mean feat, and, though the roads in this country and in France are, comparatively speaking, perfection itself, ice, fog and snow may either singly or collectively provide a satiety of adventures.

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TWO weeks ago I spoke of the ease with which the average motorist might now tour on the Continent, but my Notes did not refer to participation in the Monte Carlo Rally, for there are few motoring trials so strenuous or so dependent on factors entirely outside the motorist's control as this classic event. Anything may happen; and, depend upon it, everything will happen to one driver or another. The Rally is not a race—except against time—but it is probably more strenuous than many a Grand Prix in the height of summer. The farther the distance travelled to Monte Carlo, the greater the chance of winning a prize. Hence the choice of starting points as far north almost as the Arctic Circle and as far east as the hores of the Ægean Sea. The drivers this year include many who are famous on the racing track. There are no worlds for them to conquer at this time of the year. Brooklands is silent, and silence reigns too, on the Sarthe Circuit till the coming of the spring. So, taking a bus-man's holiday, these great ones of the track must perforce leave their racing cars in garages at home and sally forth over the highways and by-ways of Europe in ordinary standard saloon models.

The Reading County Mobile Police demonstrate the efficiency of the new unit. The motor cycles used are Triumphs

TRUE to their habit, however, they are leaving nothing to chance. One famous French racing driver, who was to start from Stavanger, in the west of Norway, reconnoitred the road from Stavanger to Oslo. Incidentally, he took nearly an hour more on the 400-mile run than his schedule allows. One of the fifteen stalwarts who arranged to start from Athens, Mr. Hector Petit, who won the Rally last year, has also made a careful reconnaisance of the route. Accounts of his journey read like excerpts from the diary of a traveller in the Middle Ages. Roads as we know them do not exist in the Balkans. On occasions Mr. Petit found the going better on the fields at the side of the cart-track which constituted the main road to Belgrade.

***

AT one point where a bridge had been destroyed he had to build his own road. After crossing from Bulgaria into Greece he had to use the railway track. Six days in the week a cow has the "right of way." But once a week soldiers drive her away to allow the Orient express to pass! If any of the fifteen possible starters cover the 2,300 miles from Athens to Monte Carlo in schedule time the story of their journey will be an epic of triumphs against overwhelming odds. In comparison the long run from Stavanger, from Jassy, in the heart of Rumania, or from Tallinn, on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, are almost tame and everyday, though the competitors who have fought their way through from these remote corners of Europe would hardly thank me for so slighting a reference to their long and adventurous trips.

***

THE run from John o' Groats might this year have become world-famous, not so much on account of the dangers and difficulties of the route, but because of the "cars" entered. For only a week or so ago one of the "possibles" was a French char-à-banc with a crew of twenty drivers and a cook to serve hot snacks en route. It did not start, and I am sorry indeed. Yet there is still hope that a "heavy" will figure in one of the Rallies, for next year, it is rumoured, two Englishmen propose driving a large six-wheeled bus to Monte Carlo. An imp within me would have me mock at the most sacred affairs of life—and what could be more solemn than a motor competition these days—and thus it is that I delight in the prospect of seeing the

(Continued on page 136)

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DOGS

SENSE AND SICKNESS: By Lady Kitty Ritson

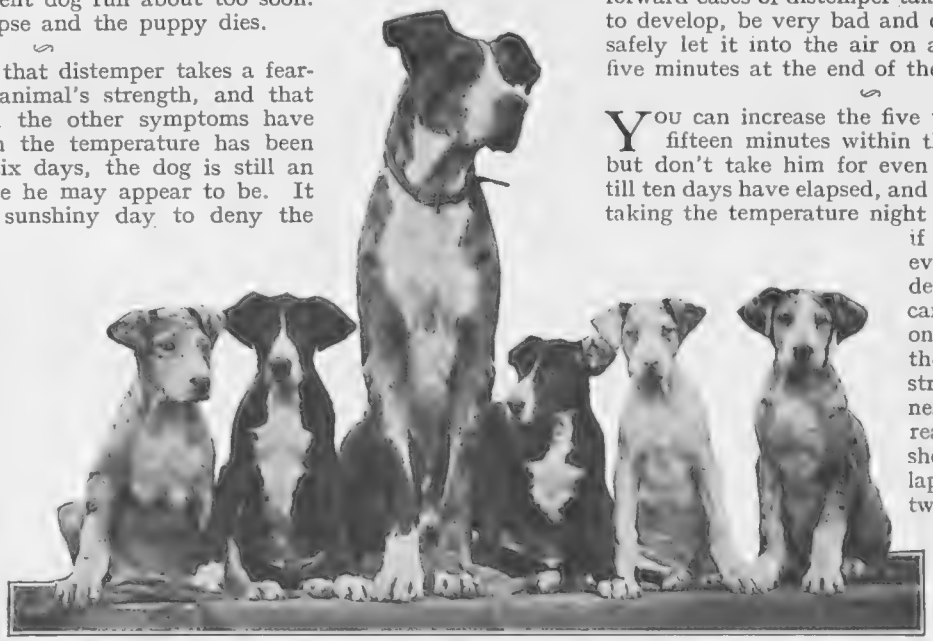
THIS is the time of year when distemper is stalking through the land, and people see the puppies upon which they have lavished so much care and affection dying in spite of everything that they can do for them. I must qualify that latter statement, because although owners do all that lies in their power in the way of nursing and medicine, they are so apt to nullify all the care given by letting the convalescent dog run about too soon. Then there is a relapse and the puppy dies.

YOU must realise that distemper takes a fearful toll of the animal's strength, and that when the fever and the other symptoms have subsided, even when the temperature has been normal for five or six days, the dog is still an invalid, however hale he may appear to be. It is very hard on a sunshiny day to deny the pleading eyes and the wagging tail, and one feels that a little sun and a few moments' play would be really beneficial. But the weakened heart can't stand the strain, and pouf! out goes your adored puppy.

SIX weeks is the time which should elapse in most cases from the beginning of the illness to the day when the invalid is allowed out for the first time, and that is supposing you have a straightforward case. At any rate, by the end of six weeks the dog is probably really on the way to recovery, or else it is dying of pneumonia or other complications.

If the latter case, it will be in the hands of the veterinary surgeon, and you must obey his orders; but if the puppy has had a normal temperature for a fortnight (and most straightforward cases of distemper take about four weeks to develop, be very bad and die down) you can safely let it into the air on a fine dry day for five minutes at the end of the sixth week.

YOU can increase the five to seven, ten, and fifteen minutes within the next few days, but don't take him for even the shortest walk till ten days have elapsed, and be sure to continue taking the temperature night and morning, and if it should go up even the very least degree you must incarcerate the dog once more. But if the puppy has had a straightforward illness and you are really careful there should be no relapses. I know of two cases which have occurred during the last few months where I am quite sure the dogs died because they were allowed to run about too soon.



Fox Photos

Don of Hillingdon, with some of the Great Dane puppies born at the Model Farm, Hillingdon, some weeks ago. Already the puppies show signs of becoming every bit as big and majestic as their proud father

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 134)

Rally become a joyous rag. May I be spared to see a large bus sailing majestically through the streets of Monte Carlo, covered with the mud of half a dozen countries, and with a cook lolling comfortably on the rear platform while a luscious smell of frying onions issues from the galley inside. A fig for your super-elegant cars and your world-famous racing drivers! Give me the homely touch—a typical London bus-driver at the wheel and his family comfortably installed inside.

IN THE NEWS

An Excellent Buick

THE Editor is interested in cars and has tested nearly every make, and tells me he was very pleased with the performance of the new straight eight four door saloon Buick which he tested recently under somewhat stiff conditions. He found its acceleration equal to that of cars of much higher horse-power and much higher price, and could run at over 70 m.p.h. without the slightest vibration, so that whether intended for long-distance drives or for town use the Buick is marvellous value at the price of £398. The car is upholstered in brown furniture hide, and the springing and comfort of the interior is equal to that of any super luxury car costing twice the price.

B.S.A. and Lanchester

It is announced that the Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., have acquired the whole of the share capital of the Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd. Thus, the Lanchester now becomes a member of the large B.S.A. group which includes the Daimler Company. Messrs. Stratton-Instone will become sole distributors for Lanchester cars, as they have for Daimlers, and Mr. Frank Lanchester, who has been the London director of the Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., will join the Stratton-Instone board. Owners of Lanchester cars will in future have the benefit of a more extensive service organisation, and Mr. George Lanchester, who designed the cars and was the director in charge of the works, will continue to occupy a similar position.

The Austin Seven's debut in the Land of the Rising Sun. The car was shown in the windows of one of the largest departmental stores at Kobe, where it created a considerable sensation. Its neatness and compactness were something completely new and thoroughly to the liking of the inhabitants of that neat country

Crossleys for Africa

In the early part of last year Crossley Motors, Ltd., supplied four of their 26-60 h.p. four-cylinder six-wheelers to the King's African Rifles, the famous East African unit stationed at Kenya. This was the first step in the mechanisation of this famous unit, and it has since been carried successive steps onward by further orders for the same type of Crossley, which brings the total now in use by the K.A.R. up to 26. All have been supplied by the Crown Agents for the Colonies.

E. M. W.

TO-DAY and DAILY HAMPTONS' GREAT Furnishing SALE

secures to every purchaser values in Home Furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For example:*

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As these are, unquestionably, the most remarkable bargains that have ever been obtainable in Persian Rugs of this value and character, Hamptons confidently recommend a visit of inspection.

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SEAMLESS AXMINSTER CARPETS, *as illustrated—*

ALL THE CARPETS IN THIS LOT ARE GUARANTEED TO BE, WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION, THE PRODUCTS OF THE FINEST BRITISH MANUFACTURERS ONLY.

Those illustrated herewith are typical examples of the designs available at the great reductions specified. There is a great variety of sizes, a few of which are quoted below:—

ft.	in.	ft.	in.	Reduced from £	s.	d.	To £	s.	d.
6	0 ×	6	0	2	18	0	2	2	0
7	6 ×	6	0	3	12	6	2	12	6
7	6 ×	7	6	4	10	9	3	5	9
9	0 ×	6	0	4	7	0	3	3	0
9	0 ×	7	6	5	8	9	3	18	9
9	0 ×	9	0	6	10	6	4	14	6
10	6 ×	6	0	5	1	6	3	13	6
10	6 ×	7	6	6	7	0	4	12	0
10	6 ×	9	0	7	12	3	5	10	3
10	6 ×	10	6	8	17	9	6	8	9
12	0 ×	6	0	5	16	0	4	4	0

ft.	in.	ft.	in.	Reduced from £	s.	d.	To £	s.	d.
12	0 ×	7	6	7	5	0	5	5	0
12	0 ×	9	0	8	14	0	6	6	0
12	0 ×	10	6	10	3	0	7	7	0
12	0 ×	12	0	11	12	0	8	8	0
13	6 ×	9	0	9	15	9	7	1	9
13	6 ×	10	6	11	8	6	8	5	6
13	6 ×	12	0	13	1	0	9	9	0
15	0 ×	12	0	14	10	0	10	10	0
15	0 ×	13	6	16	6	3	11	16	3
16	6 ×	12	0	15	19	0	11	11	0
16	6 ×	13	6	17	19	0	12	19	9

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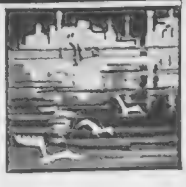

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Illustrated Catalogue Free on request.

A glorious Coat in Sable Squirrel from fine quality skins, perfectly matched, smartly cut and tastefully lined. A real bargain.

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39 Gns.

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KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.
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FINAL REDUCTIONS

ARTIFICIAL SILK KNICKERS

K.73. 55 dozen. Remarkable offer, Artificial Milanese and Pure Milanese Silk Knickers with elastic at waist and knees, fancy and plain. In white and light colours only, and in medium size. **Sale Prices 10/-, 15/-**
Usual Prices 19/11, 21/-, 25/9, 29/6, 35/9 and 39/6

	Usual Prices	Sale Prices
K.71. 175 dozen Knickers with elastic at waist and knee, in a few colours and medium size only. Artificial silk ..	7/11	**5/-**
Same shape in Artificial Silk and Wool	10/11	**8/11**
Artificial Silk	11/9	**8/11**
Superior Quality	15/11	**13/11**
Milanese Silk. Women's	25/9	**19/11**
	Outsize	**21/9**
Superior Quality	39/6	**35/9**
Heavy Quality	49/6	**45/9**
Spun Silk	39/6	**36/9**

K.63. 45 dozen. Exceptional offer. Vest in pure Milanese Silk in white, pink, or peach, medium size only.
Usual Price 15/11 **Sale Price** **12/11**

K.61. 50 dozen. Vests in Pure Scotch Wool, winter weight, in medium size, also with ribbon shoulder straps. White only.
Usual Price 12/11 **Sale Price** **8/11**
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PURE SILK HOSE

195 dozen only. Best Quality French Pure Silk Hose, with pretty openwork clox. In broken series of fashionable evening and day shades. These stockings are made of beautiful fine silk and are perfect fitting.
Usual Price 13/11 **Sale Price** **8/11**

175 dozen. Fine Quality Pure Silk Hose, with pretty openwork clox. In sizes 8, 8½, 9, 9½, and 10. In broken series of fashionable colours, a very smart, perfect fitting stocking with lisle feet and narrow lisle top.
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95 dozen Ladies' Fine Linen Handkerchiefs. Embroidered corners. Usual Price 12/6 per dozen
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190 dozen Ladies' Fine Shamrock Lawn Handkerchiefs, ⅛ in. hem. Usual Price 10/6 per dozen
Sale Price per dozen **5/11**

150 Ladies' Fine Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs. Exceptional value. Usual Price 8/11 per dozen
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Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

A LOVELY EVENING WRAP

Russian ermine of the very finest quality makes this luxurious coat from Revillon's, 180, Regent Street, W. The skins are worked perpendicularly, the flare being emphasised with horizontal strands

Romantic Plumes and Mess Jackets

Romantic Plumes

There is an elusive charm about a hat with a trailing plume, and is quite in accord with the feminine notes that are present in the spring frocks. These plumes more often than not spring from just above the right ear, and may even pass the shoulders — sometimes they are of ostrich feathers and sometimes of quills, or they may be composed of both interpersed with silken threads, which, for want of a better name, the milliners are calling feather fantasies. Naturally, ospreys are taboo for this purpose; nevertheless, mock ospreys have their rôle to play—breast plumage often takes the form of a bandeau, which encircles the crown. Foreheads are uncompromisingly revealed; especially is this the case with small turbans, they drape down at the sides and often finish with a feather fantasie. A novelty is the alliance of felt and lace, the latter is pressed against the felt, giving it a pattern. And now comes the most surprising thing of all, and that is that an attempt is being made to create a vogue for hats that do not match the dress or coat. There must be a connecting link, and that will be found in the jewellery and pochette.

The "Mess Jacket"

The decorative coatee for day and evening wear has been metamorphosed. No longer is it permissible to wear rather an unsightly affair cut on sac lines. The coats must be tailored, they must be waisted and cut away in front. Another type of coat has been inspired by the mess jacket. Generally speaking, it strikes a contrast to the dress; when of lace it is mounted on georgette, and when of velvet it is trimmed with braid. Lamés and tissues are likewise employed for its creation. Another conceit is to have a perfectly plain velvet coat of the gayest colour imaginable, and to wear it with a white or black satin dress—very becoming are the short white coney coats reinforced with a deep flounce of black satin.

This lovely evening gown is expressed in the new metal satin of an exquisite oyster-pink shade. It may be seen in the artistic salons of Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Bangles to the Fore

Bangles are on the crest of the wave; a toll has been levied on every metal and bead for their fashioning. A vogue that is becoming more pronounced every day is that for semi-precious jewellery. Can it be that this is the first step towards the rehabilitation of precious gems? Here is a list of some of the semi-precious stones that are being used, the colours that they radiate are wondrously beautiful: There is chalcedony, rose quartz, Chinese jade, topaz, onyx, crystal, amber, coral, amethyst, ebonite stone, etc. There are ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets, and buckles of these lovely things.

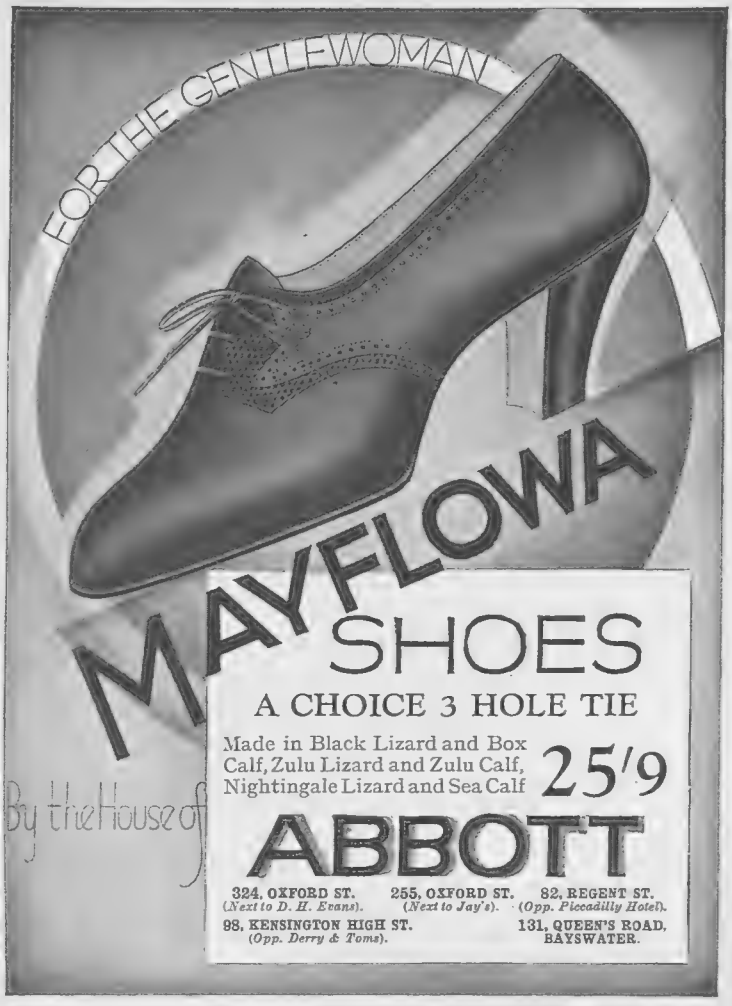
Metal Satin

There is always something that is different to be encountered in the salons of Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, S.W. This firm is responsible for the much-to-be-desired evening dress portrayed on this page. It is of the new metal satin, in a lovely oyster-pink shade. As will be seen from the silhouette, this is amongst the advance guard of the spring fashions. Furthermore, here are to be seen some really delightful sports outfits carried out in tweed. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the cardigans are admirably tailored and that the sweaters are of angora. As it is impossible for them to match the tweed, they are in bright colours, such as royal blue, canary yellow, or emerald green.

Reptile Shoes

Reptile shoes are more fashionable than ever. Too much cannot be said in their favour when they are as admirably cut as those pictured on this page, which owe their origin to Abbott's, 324, Oxford Street, W. It will be recalled that they are the makers of the famous "Mayflowa" and "Arch-eesi" shoes. Illustrations of other models, together with prices, will gladly be sent on application. Now, regarding evening footwear, it is well represented here. There is a splndid assortment of crêpe de Chine evening shoes from 14*s.* 9*d.*

There is nothing more becoming to the feet than reptile shoes, especially when the markings of the skins and the cut are the acme of perfection. Abbotts, 324, Oxford Street, W., are responsible for those illustrated, as well as for the evening shoes of the sandal persuasion



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"CHARLES"

Bronze by
T. IVESTER LLOYD

This admirable study of a running fox is mounted on an onyx plinth, grooved on either side to receive pens, pencils, etc. It can also be obtained on a shortened base, silver-plated, for mounting on radiator cap as a car mascot.

Price **6½ gns.**; on plain marble plinth, **6 gns.**

This is one of many sporting bronzes to be seen at the Sporting Gallery, where an exclusive display of gifts for sportsmen can be seen.

Exhibitions of recent pictures by Lionel Edwards, R.I., and Ernest H. Shepard are also on view at the present time.

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.

SOLE À LA COLBERT.

SALMIS OF DUCK.
POMMES SAUTÉES.
HARICOTS VERTS.

MOUSSE AUX ORANGES.

MUSHROOMS AU GRATIN.

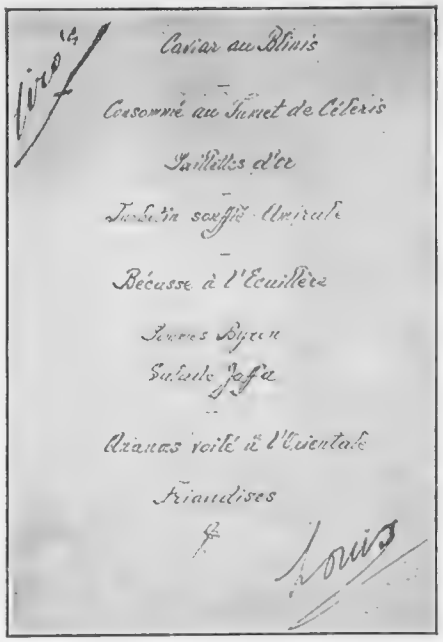
DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Sole à la Colbert

TAKE a good-sized sole and skin it. Cut a small incision, about two inches long, on the upper side. Egg and bread-crumb the sole, then fry in boiling fat until a golden brown both sides. Have ready about a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley and mix it well into ½ oz. of butter, add a good squeeze of lemon juice, and put the mâitre d'hotel sauce into the incision and serve with a cut lemon and cayenne pepper.

Salmis of Duck

PUT 3 ozs. of butter and 1 oz. of flour into a stewpan and allow to brown. Add by degrees half a tumbler of very good stock and the same quantity of red wine, two shallots, a bunch of herbs, a bay-leaf, pepper and salt. Put in the bones and carcase of the bird, and let all this boil gently for half an hour. Strain it through a colander, and put the gravy back in the stewpan, and just when on the point of boiling put in all the pieces of bird. Take the stewpan off the fire, add a little lemon juice, put the lid on, and leave it by the side of the fire for another half-hour. To serve, lay the bird on some toasted bread and pour the gravy over, and garnish with slices of lemon.



The menu of a dinner served recently at Ciro's, in Orange Street. It has been signed by Louis, the joint-Manager with Ferraro

Mousse aux Oranges

TAKE three eggs and divide the yolks from the whites, putting in separate basins; mix 2 ozs. of sugar and the grated rind of half an orange to the yolks, and beat with a wooden spoon until light and creamy, add the strained juice of two oranges. Dissolve ½ oz. of gelatine in a very little water and strain on to the mixture; continue beating until the mixture begins to set, then mix in lightly, and by degrees, the very stiffly whipped whites of eggs. Turn into a pretty glass or china bowl, and put into a cool place until required. Decorate with whipped and sweetened cream, and sprinkle this with finely chopped pistachio nuts or angelica

Mushrooms au Gratin

SCOOP out the insides of some nice round mushrooms, after peeling them; cut off the stalks, peel them and chop them up with a small piece of onion, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of thyme, and a piece of thin lemon peel the size of sixpence; fry these in bacon fat, flavour with pepper and salt, and add sufficient quantity of breadcrumbs to fill the hollowed-out mushrooms. Fill the hollows with this mixture and cook very slowly in good fat or butter in a stewpan, keeping them well covered to retain the flavour. Place on fried croûtons and serve very hot.

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ROMANO'S
RESTAURANT
EIGHTH WEEK OF OSCAR M. SHERIDAN'S
SUCCESSFUL SONG & DANCE SHOW
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SALMON & SHRIMP
Paste
A single jar makes a noble pile of Sandwiches.
MACONOCHIES MAKE IT—GOOD GROCERS SELL IT.

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The PALAIS de la MEDITERRANEE
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The MAJESTIC, that hotel with the fashionable sport touch, and under the same management, is now open.
Private garage. Pompeian baths, Midget Golf, and many other surprises have been added. It is perfect, but not prohibitive in price.

IT IS SAID
THAT WOMEN
DRESS TO PLEASE
MEN, BUT WHERE
CIGARETTES ARE
CONCERNED THEY
PLEASE THEMSELVES
AND SMOKE

PLAYER'S

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D CORK TIPPED.

NCC16

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Notable Cruises

The Orient Line have just issued their programme of cruises for 1931. This comprises Spring Cruises to the Mediterranean, Adriatic and Atlantic Islands, and Summer Cruises to the Norwegian Fjords and Northern Capitals, and also to the Mediterranean and Adriatic. In comparison with last year's programme the 1931 cruises are mostly of shorter periods, this alteration being made in response to public demand. In addition, the Orient Line stress that this year they will have three 20-000 ton liners in cruising service, namely, Orontes, Oronsay, and Orford. All who have experienced the comforts of the 20,000-ton liner will appreciate the wisdom shown by the Orient Line in putting a further big ship into commission. A copy of the attractively produced Orient programme can be obtained from the company's offices or travel agencies.

Changing Mayfair

Another palatial new building is being erected at the corner of Bond Street and Clifford Street—one of the most important sites in the West End. The building, when completed, will house a large extension of Messrs. Finnigans' showrooms, surmounted by six light and airy office floors. The site—in years gone by—was occupied by two celebrated jewellers, Messrs. Streeter and Messrs. London and Ryder, and in Clifford Street by Stevens' Hotel, facing the equally well-known Long's Hotel.

Now Winter's Here

Now that the cold, wet days and long nights are with us, our thoughts turn longingly to the long sunlit days of summer, and we yearn to recapture some of that summer warmth from which we are now separated. But there is no reason why this should be but a vain dream, for the means to acquire some of that glorious warmth for which our body craves is at hand, and in the Ferranti Electric Fire we find the very thing to help us recapture the warmth of summer, even though it be freezing outside. These electric fires are scientifically designed to create the utmost warmth from a given consumption of electricity, and when they are installed in house or office, even the bleakest and dreariest weather that we can experience seems less formidable and depressing when their warm glow is busy driving away cold blasts and conjuring up thoughts of the summer days when the sun shines warmly. They are the product of Ferranti, Ltd., Hollinwood, Lancs, whose London offices are in Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2. A free illustrated booklet of these fires, which range from 55s. upwards, will be sent on application.

Capt. Malcolm Campbell's consignment of Castrol oil leaving the Liverpool works of Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co. for the long journey to Daytona Beach, Florida. It will be used in the "Bluebird" if he is able to go out for the World's record there

The Bungalow Habit

Before the War one associated the word "bungalow" with either India and the Far East generally, or visualised the ramshackle buildings to be found dotted indiscriminately about portions of the foreshore at many of our smaller seaside resorts. Nowadays, however, we in this country have learnt to acquire the bungalow habit, and have learnt from practical experience how economical to run and easy to manage are these one-storied structures which are springing up in increasing numbers every year. But, like most other things, bungalows can be both good and bad, and, just as the former type proves a real joy, so does the latter often become nothing but an inconvenience and a worry to all who inhabit it. However, if one is wise enough to put the task of building one's bungalow in the capable hands of Messrs. Browne and Lilly, Ltd., of Thames Side, Reading, one can rest assured that everything will be well. Whether a week-end or chauffeur's cottage at £200, or a palatial residence at £2,000 is required, the result will be the same. This firm of bungalow experts will provide a timbered bungalow that will satisfy in every way even the most exacting.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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London, W.C.2.

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The secret of many a healthy, beautiful skin is consistent use of this toilet-combination: **Cuticura Soap** and **Cuticura Ointment**. Keep your skin clean by daily use of **Cuticura Soap**. If blemishes, pimples, rashes and the like appear, you can heal them speedily with the **Ointment**. **Cuticura** is medicated, antiseptic and fragrant.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Shaving Stick 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

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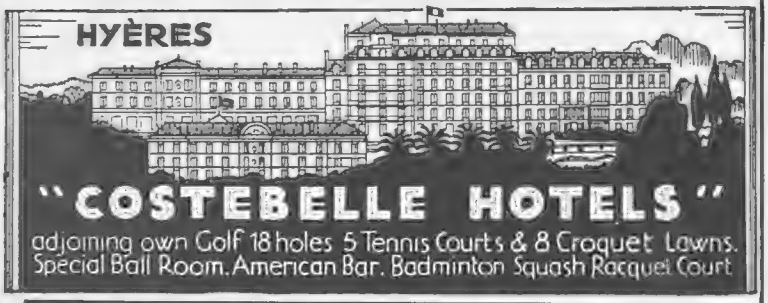

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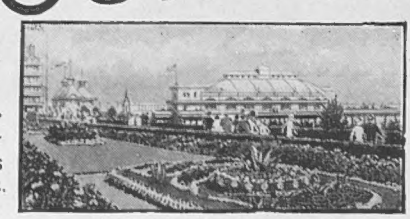

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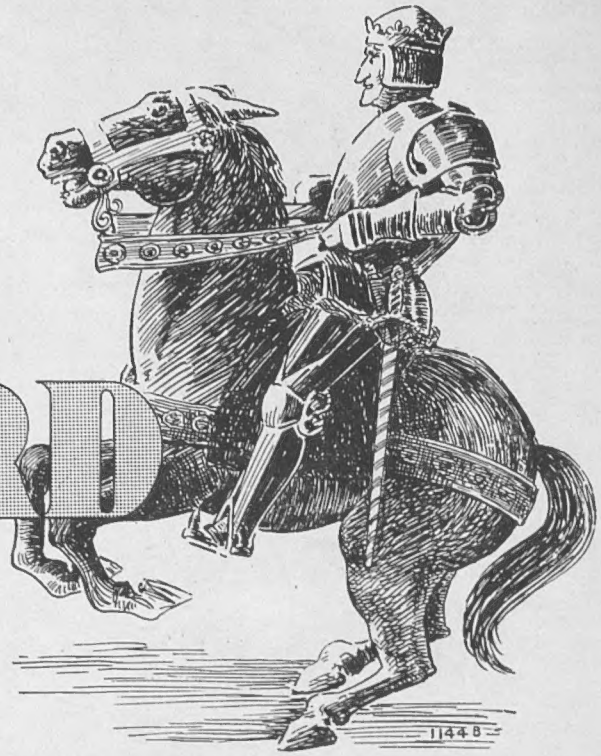

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